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UDE WHITMORE MADDEN

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Gift from Mrs Bertha Dutt in memory of her husband and our beloved

Pastor Maude Eden

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In the Land of the Cherry Blossom

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In the Land of the Cherry Blossom

By

MAUDE WHITMORE MADDEN

Missionary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society
Author of "Golden Chopsticks," "S. Sendai Souvenir," and "The Silver Anniversary of the Churches of Christ Mission in Japan"

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The Foreign Christian Missionary Society
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To
the memory of loving parents who
gave me to the mission field,

To
A. McLean, Benj. L. Smith, Mrs.
E. E. Thomson, My Husband, and

To
Christian Endeavourers everywhere
who all helped make this little book
materialize

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A Message

GO, LITTLE book, with this message, straight as an arrow from my heart to the reader's hearts. Tell them God's love is for *All the World.* Tell them there are millions yet in Japan who do not know God, though they worship *eight million gods*—and more. Tell them the beautiful geisha have never heard of God, the Father who cares. The factory slaves; the burdened cart pullers; the human horses; the brawny peasants; these have not yet heard. The wealthy merchants; the thousands of students; the great men of the nation—a few of these have heard,—but *most* of these have not heeded. And of the women in the homes—what shall it profit the Oriental woman, though she hear a thousand times, if her husband is not converted, nor giveth his consent?

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All creatures great and small,
> For the dear Lord *who loveth us—*
> *He made and loveth all.*"

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Brief Rules for Pronunciation of Japanese

The vowels are sounded as in Spanish and Italian, but are always short, unless marked with the sign of long quantity. It is impossible to express the values of the Japanese vowels correctly in English; but speaking approximately, we may say

a resembles the a in "father."
e resembles the a in "same."
i resembles the i in "machine."
o resembles the o in "ore."
u resembles the oo in "school."
ai resembles the y in "my."
ei resembles the ay in "may."
au resembles the ow in "cow."

The consonants are all sounded as in English; g, however, has only the hard sound as in give, although the nasal ng is often heard; ch and s are always soft as in "check" and "sin"; and z before u has the sound of dz. In the case of double consonants each one must be given its full sound.

PART ONE

Snap Shots

I

The Tenno Temple in Osaka

MARCH 21 was a memorable day with us in Osaka. It was high day at the Tenno Temple festival. The festival lasts a week. Two missionaries from China were with me. After lunch we three, Ted and our Bible woman, started to visit the temple to see the Buddhists at their most earnest worship. We had about three hundred Christian tracts. This temple's ground covers about four city squares and has four gates. Within its high walls are numerous buildings of several Buddhist and a few Shinto sects. So that one thinks with Paul at Athens, "Ye are too religious!" About three blocks from the south gate we got into the throng of returning worshippers and sightseers. We began to give out our tracts. The crowd separated us and in about five minutes all the tracts were gone and we wished for a thousand more. It was pitiful how eagerly they crowded round, holding out pleading hands and begging for more, until I cried, "Oh! if you were only as hungry for the Living God as for these papers." I thought I knew something of the dear Lord's heart, when He said, "Pray the Lord of the Harvest for reapers;" "They are as sheep without

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a shepherd," and "The fields are white." Such experiences make a woman wish she was a man with a megaphone voice and make a missionary wish life was longer.

We got together at the south gate and passed through unharmed by the fierce Emma-O guardian gods, decorated with spitballs ; we passed the great portico, where, before suicide became a crime, less than a generation ago, people threw themselves in sacrifice under the wheels of the "god-car." Inside, near the gate, was a man with a monkey and opposite him a sort of Japanized Punch and Judy show, while vendors of peanuts, cakes, fruit, toy balloons and other such things were everywhere. The tall pagoda, an Osaka landmark, was next. At each of the four open doors was the coffer. Most of the devotees tossed in a scant handful of rice or a few coppers (rice is very high this year, just double the price during the war with Russia). This five-storied pagoda, "they say," is a thousand years old. It is five hundred feet high and from its top veranda a fine bird's-eye view of the great city can be had on a clear day. The old priests charge one and one-half cents admission. The narrow stairs zigzag up one side and down the other of the central pillar, whose lower half is one immense tree trunk. Gilded images of Buddha greet climbers at each landing and the devout climbers, with shortened breath, must murmur the never ending "Namu Amida Butsu" at each one. The upper veranda is now screened with coarse

wire netting, this, too, because suicide from this height was considered virtuous. All along the walls, inside and out, on the pillars and under the eaves, are the written or carved names of the thousands whose feet have worn these stairs as smooth as polished glass. Oh! such a crowd as there was to-day. Looking down on the throng below, we thought there must be nearly twenty thousand of those who worship they know not what, and this was only one day of the week! From the top we had a glimpse of the harbour, southwest, of the greening farm lands, backed by the not far distant mountains to the southeast; and to the west and north, this great city of nearly two million souls. The never lifted black cloud of smoke from a thousand chimneys entirely hid our view of the main city.

This is no time for poetry, but George MacDonald's lines haunt us here:

"I said, 'Let me walk in the fields.'
He said, 'No, walk in the town.'
I said, 'There are no flowers there.'
He said, 'No flowers, but a crown.'
I said, 'But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din.'
And He wept, as He sent me back;
'There is more,' He said, 'there is sin.'"

From the pagoda, which is only a memorial monument to the temple's founder, though it contains many idols, we passed to the main temple,

containing a hundred or more gilded images, before which men and women were offering their hard earned rice, counting the beads of their bracelets (rosaries) and saying their endless prayers, but there was no joy in their faces.

Next we passed a temple whose white plastered walls are covered with red hand impressions. I have asked several Japanese the meaning of these hand prints, but have heard only one explanation, and it was given as a suggestion only. The women who pray for children leave the red print of an uplifted hand on the wall; if the prayer is granted they return and leave a downward pointing hand. There were twenty uplifted hands to one downward pointing one. It is the cry of the ancient Hebrew women. Perhaps, naturally, close by this is the temple to the babies who have died. I cannot go to this or write about it any more. It is too sad. And the saddest thing is the ignorance of the worshippers. The temple is like a tower and in it is a sweet, sad-toned bell. The bell-rope is completely covered with bibs of babies who have died. There are, I believe it is safe to say, a thousand kimonos (robes) of other babies, and toys, images and photographs of hundreds of others. An old priest, in yellow brocade robes, rings the bell, lights candles, burns incense and mumbles prayers for the souls of the little ones, *for a generous compensation*, and the fearful and bereaved mothers, fathers, grandparents, brothers and sisters of the little ones bravely try to keep back their tears

during the service, for until the priest tells them the prayers are heard, the dear little ones are industriously piling up stones for prayers, the while being tormented by demons, unless Jizo hears the prayers and saves them. This explanation I had from a *knowing* one, but you can stand close by and ask a dozen worshippers why those offerings, why those prayers, and they will answer, "Why—why, I don't know why, only it is the way." Once I said to a man, "Wouldn't it be better to give those gowns to orphan children, rather than let them rot there?" He and some others who heard the question said, "Indeed," "I want to know," "Well, well!" Such a thought had never occurred to any of them.

A few steps from here is the mud hole, I presume I should say *pond*, wherein multitudes of mud turtles find a *sacred* home! Some old men near the east gate have a lot of these fellows which you can buy for a few pennies and make them happy by tossing them back into the pond. (It's my belief that the old men fish the turtles out at night and sell them over again every day, but, of course, such a thought is rank blasphemy.)

A beautiful stone bridge crosses this pond and, to-day, in its midst, under a canopy, a lot of priests, in gorgeous robes, were writing names of the dead on foot-long coffin-shaped shavings and giving them to the "faithful" for a few pennies and with a few prayers thrown in. (I wish I had a better word to use than "prayers," for the continual

mumbling of "namu amida butsu," while their crafty eyes feast on the people, by these priests, wise as serpents, cannot truly be "prayers." They are the "vain repetitions of the heathen.") As the people receive these tablets from the priests they take them to the turtle temple, where in a stone tank is a great bronze turtle with a tiny stream of "holy" water issuing from its mouth. The water flows into a turtle-shaped shallow bronze basin and out under the floor somewhere. Above and at the ends of this tank are seats for priests, idols, incense, tables, candles, etc. The people throng here with their tablets which the priests take in long handled dippers and put under the stream from the turtle's mouth. They say when the water carries the tablets away the prayers are answered and the souls in purgatory are freed. The air was heavy with incense to-day. The throng was so great it was difficult to get near, but when we did there must have been three bushels, at least, of thin shaving tablets heaped up in the basin under the turtle god's mouth. Only a few had floated away. But oh! the distressed faces of those who stood by watching, waiting, hoping to have the joy of seeing their beloved's tablets carried away. Some women were so distressed they crowded up and looked in, then walked away only to return again and again. And I saw one woman actually take a dipper from a priest's hand and drink the filthy water and sprinkle some on her silk kimono. How many others did the same I do not know. But

there were no happy faces here either. How I longed to comfort them and did speak a few words to one most distressed.

We saw the great bell (two and one-half cents a look). It is said to be the largest bell in the world, four times a man's height, and made from the *free will offerings* of rich metal treasures, to commemorate the temple's one thousandth anniversary in 1905. It is literally covered with the names of the givers.

We saw the museum, wherein are many curios and historical relics and idols, but the *rich treasures* of the temple are not kept in sight. We came out through the west gate, where the noise of the constantly turned iron prayer wheels grated harshly on our ears. We peeped into the mother's temple, where mothers and fathers pray for babies and for natural nourishment for them to an ugly stone image called Hotei. The priest assured us if we bought one of his painted wooden slabs for four and one-half cents our prayer would be granted, then we could return the slab as a thank offering, *à la the thousand or more there.* The altar here was decorated with foot-long Japanese white radishes and seaweed, besides the usual rice cakes, candles and incense. Oh, dear! aren't you tired of it all? I am, though there are several more temples within this compound yet to be visited and throngs of "stands" along the streets leading to the temples' gates, where many useful or curious things are sold. And here, too, are several old

women sitting, to change silver and nickel coins into the bronze rin with a hole in it, worth about one-tenth of a cent, which is the usual temple offering.

Two modern electric car lines meet near the west gate of the Tenno Temple. About five minutes' walk along one of the car lines brings us to our neat little Christian church. We are to have a social here to-night, a union of the church and the Kizukawa mission. Five people (three women and two men) from this mission were baptized last night and this social is a welcome to them. Thirty-five happy-faced people sat on the soft matted floor of the parsonage, attached to the chapel, and after prayer, Scripture reading and hymn singing, had a joyful time over their cakes and tea and playing games of various kinds. The two visitors from China said, "Oh! what a contrast is this to the temple throngs. How happy these people are!" And it was so. But how few they are compared to the many hopeless, joyless ones. Oh! how much yet remains to be done for Japan, for Osaka, its second largest and most self-righteous city. But we are so thankful our Father has given us even this many to encourage and inspire us. It is His stamp of approval. And they know better than we from what awful bondage they are now made free. Pray for them and for us.

II

Four Japanese Holidays

THE children of Japan have many holidays, but four *especial* ones during the year. To the Christians the addition of Christmas makes five—but then Christmas is for all the world.

The first Japanese holiday, of course, is New Year's. It lasts until about the fifteenth of the month, and is greatly enjoyed by all—from the wise Mikado on the throne down to the poorest jinrikisha man's baby.

The gates and houses are all decorated for the occasion. But I must tell you about these *gates*, or you will be thinking of the tiny affairs sometimes seen in America which are hardly big enough to decorate. The homes in Japan don't have beautiful lawns from the house to the street; instead each house or group of about five houses is surrounded by a great high wall or hedge. From the street all you can see are the roofs or the tops of the taller trees.

This compound (we call it) is entered by one big front gate, with tall gate-posts on each side and usually a massive roof over the whole thing. It is said a Japanese house owner's greatest pride is his gate. For every-day use there is a little postern in

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the big gate, or at its side—and for quick escape in case of earthquake and fire there is a little back gate somewhere also—a sort of emergency gate.

Sometimes, when the great gate is open, we catch a glimpse of gravelled walks, and, if the house happens to be open, of the beautiful garden at the rear.

At New Year's the great gate is beautifully decorated with pine, bamboo, ferns, rice straw ropes, oranges, sometimes a big red lobster, and, of course, the gay Japanese flag with its bright red sun adding colour to these various greens.

In Tokyo, where I spent two New Years, the weather was perfect like Indian Summer in the Northern States—and in North Japan where I lived many years the sun always seemed brightest at New Year's. The plum trees, camellias and blood red peach trees were all abloom.

All the decorations have a deep meaning to the Japanese; the pine trees planted temporarily there assure long life, strength; the bamboo, virtue, grace; the fern, faithfulness and so on—blessings desired for the whole family during the coming year.

Inside, the Japanese house has been cleaned from "garret to cellar"—I almost said—but since Japanese houses have neither of these commodities perhaps we had better say it has been made perfectly "shipshape." The toko-no-ma (raised alcove) in the parlour receives a new kake-mono (banner painting). It may be a crane in pine branches, a pine, plum and bamboo design—or only

the beautiful Chinese hieroglyphics expressing a New Year's thought. There are also pots of dwarfed plum trees, all abloom, oh, so fragrant, bouquets of narcissus or Chinese lilies, cherry buds, and bright red *nanten* berries.

Everybody has a new suit of clothes and eats the especially prepared New Year's feast of rice dumplings called *mochi*.

The older people make and receive calls, the mothers remaining at home to receive the first three days. The children have a gay time in the streets from morning till night. This is kite-flying season for the boys, and battledore and shuttlecock season for the girls. And if you don't watch out you'll miss your shuttlecock and get your face blacked! At night everybody plays poem cards. This is a game something like "Authors," only its way of playing is much jollier. Most everybody drinks wine—and many drink stronger stuff until their eyes are red and they fall asleep in drunken stupor—both men and women—and even—once in a while—a little child.

This is the great time of the year to exchange gifts—like we do at Christmas; and it is everybody's birthday, too! The Japanese count their birthdays from New Year's, not by actual months. So no wonder everybody has a jolly good time at New Year's.

The next holiday is in March. "The third of the third month" they say—but actually it lasts about a week or ten days. It is called Hina-no-

Matsuri—dolls' festival. This is for girls only, but the boys look on. For this festival five steps are built in the toko-no-ma and covered with bright red cloth, silk brocade—or in poorer homes a red blanket from the bed. Two dolls, richly dressed, representing the Emperor and Empress, are placed on the top step. Below them, in proper order, on the other steps other dolls are arranged representing the court ladies, musicians and famous women. On the next steps below these are all kinds of people—with all kinds of doll furniture, dishes, and foods. There are pink, green and white candies; decorations of flowers—the especial flower for this festival is the blood red peach blossom; there are tiny candles to make the place gay at night. This is a very old festival. Some of the dolls have been handed down from generation to generation—from great-great-great-grandmother to the little girl of to-day. Of course the little girls do not *play* with these old, old dolls; these are kept safely stored away in the family treasure house all the year except this very time. At this time even the every-day dolls are not played with. They seem to feel the solemnity of association with Doll Royalty—and stay demurely in their places—to be admired with the rest. All the friends of the family are invited to see the show, especially all the little girl friends, and, unless the family is Christian, are entertained with sweet white wine, tea and cakes, while the little girls play bean bags and eat popped rice. The purpose of this festival

is to teach history and obedience to the Emperor and to all those in authority over the little girls of the family—as well as to give them a good time. The decorations in the shops for this festival and for the boys' festival which follows it are too wonderful and beautiful to describe. As far as I know these two festivals are found nowhere else in the world.

When the boys' festival comes in May—you just ought to see the cities and villages then! I guess you'd open your eyes wide! Great tall bamboos, nearly as tall as telegraph poles, are set up at *every house* where there is a boy, and from every pole a great paper, cloth or silk painted fish flies in the air. Sometimes a whole string of four, five or six are flying from one pole—one fish for each boy in the house. Sometimes one fish and great streamers of bright red, blue, purple, yellow and green cloth crowned by the Japanese flag fly from one pole, or sometimes the crown is a wind-wheel or a gay lantern. The fishes' mouths are held open by a bamboo or wire ring. Through this aperture the wind fills the hollow body of the fish and its motions in the air are exactly like those of its living counterparts in the water. Why did they choose fish for the boys? In every land isn't there a special affinity between fish and boys? They say this particular fish, the carp, swims up-stream against the current and over the waterfalls—so will the boys who fly these fishes make their way up in the world, surmounting all difficulties.

In the toko-no-ma the proper kake-mono is one of the carp climbing a waterfall. The flowers for this festival are sweet flags—because its leaves are like sword blades, and its bulbs, if eaten, are a charm against drowning.

As in the girls' festival the parlour alcove was filled with wonderful old dolls, so now for the boys the alcove is full of toy or statuesque rearing war-horses, whose mounts are famous heroes of old and new Japan. Isn't this a delightful way to teach history, patriotism and courage? Here is Kintaro, the red mountain boy who fought with wild animals, who rode bears and deer for horses, and who was so strong he pulled a tree up by the roots to make a bridge across a river. Here is Benkei, the famous warrior who always carried eight weapons, and who searched a long time before he found a prince who could conquer him. This prince was Yoshitsune, who had been taught fencing and shooting by the long-nosed mountain men called Tengu. Here is the Raiko, Hideyoshi the Taiko, and of course Momo-taro, the boy who was born from a peach—and who at the age of fifteen subdued the demons on the northern island and brought all their treasure home to his foster parents. Oh, such heroes, such stories, such games in imitation of these and of other famous men, as Togo and Nogi, —no wonder the Japanese conquered China and Russia—no wonder the fish fly on the fifth day of the fifth month—and for days before and after! No wonder the present Crown Prince was born

just in time for this feast—and named on its high day!

Next come the religious festivals. The Bōn (pronounced bone) Matsuri is held the middle of July in most places, but sometimes is as late as the middle of August. This perhaps is the greatest religious festival. The streets and homes are all decorated with beautiful creamy white or soft-tinted, gauzy paper lanterns. If lamps are used they also are shaded with these soft tints. All the idols are set out; the idol closets or shrines which may have been closed are now open. Food, wine, flowers, incense and candles are set before them. The house, of course, is as clean as a new pin. Every one waits for the absent to return—and for the visit of the spirits of those who have died. Peace and quiet is the order of the day. As at New Year's, presents are exchanged, and every one has a new kimono and girdle. The flowers for this feast are purple, yellow and white wild flowers, especially a certain kind of bluebell called kikyo, yellow valerian (karukaya) and white patrinia (ominaeshi). In the cities, at this time, but whether a part of this especial festival or not I forgot to ask, are great processions of floats, each carrying an immense image; cart and image ornamented with gaudy paper flowers and tinsel; these are drawn through the streets by fifty men or more to the cart. The *men* wear queer mushroom hats as large as a child's parasol, trimmed in red flowers. They are accompanied by weird musicians, and dancers

with false faces and a *crowd* of shouting men and boys. All the temples are open and thronged with worshippers. New temples and shrines are improvised and the old folks become unusually devout —as if to make up for the lack of worship since the last festival. In the evenings the children make up processions of their own. Instead of the float of the morning, a great paper lantern, as big as a bushel or a barrel, with lighted candles inside, or a gaily festooned empty wine cask suffices. The older boys carry these on long poles for shafts; other boys carrying paper lanterns run alongside shouting—as only boys can shout. Everybody is out in the streets enjoying it all. Stalls of sweetmeats, flowers, hair ornaments, toys and so on line the streets so it is utterly impossible to get along, except to move with the crowd. This festival, also, lasts several days. Then, as if by magic, all is over—not a trace of the show and the wild revelry remains—except as we pass a "rag" shop we see the crumpled, torn paper flowers and lanterns—so gay yesterday, so utterly useless to-day. May they be the symbol of the religion for which they were used.

SONG FOR THE DOLLS' FESTIVAL

Oh, happy to-day
For the dolls put away
In the storehouse all the year
In gorgeous array
Make brilliant display
And feast in our parlour here.

Boys' parade

The red peach bloom
Scents all the room.
And the mochi feast is done —
Our girl friends all
To-day will call,
Oh, isn't it lots of fun!

SONG FOR THE FISH FESTIVAL

See the big black mother carp
With her babies red
Climbing up the waterfall
Mother goes ahead.
Upward climbing to the sky
Like the ocean blue,—
Teaching us to bravely try
Each hard task to do.

III

Japanese Homes

TO TELL *briefly* about the homes of the Japanese people is a very great task—because there are so many different kinds of them. In a kingdom or an empire the people and their homes are divided into many different classes. They are not so free to live as they please as in a republic. I mean a man born a farmer never aspires to become Emperor; that would be impossible, so he is usually content on his farm. This is true of most Japanese. They are born into a class and *usually* stay there though there is an occasional exception.

There are Japanese millionaires—a few of them—with their American style homes, luxuriantly furnished with the beautiful things *all* millionaires have. The Japanese millionaire also has his Japanese houses in which he and the older members of his family and his familiar friends can be as Japanesy as they please. They can enjoy their own beautiful walled-in parks and gardens which are the beauty wonder of the world. They can bring rich treasures of art from their great storehouses—treasures hundreds of years old. They sleep on silken bedding and eat from dishes of silver, gold and the daintiest of porcelain. Once in a while a

missionary is invited to a tea party in such a home during the season of the garden's greatest beauty. How great is his pleasure when such an invitation is from a Christian home, and how very, very sad when he realizes that his delightful host and hostess have everything either East or West can give except the one thing most needful—the Christ, and Him they do not wish. The Christian homes are comparatively very few among this class of people. And the surprise is the greater because usually the head of the rich family was educated in America or England—*where he should have become a Christian.* One such man lived *seven years* in America, and said, "Not one person spoke to me *personally* about becoming a Christian—*no one seemed to care*, though I went frequently to one church or another."

There are the palaces of the imperial family. Even the three young princes have separate homes. Their home life is so different from any boy's life in America, I think you would hardly wish to exchange places with them. The Crown Prince Michi, though yet a boy, is already an officer in both army and navy. These little men are very bright and clever, and doubtless enjoy their lives in the way proper for princes, but they do not have the every-day familiar friendship of their father and mother. Whenever they walk out or play there must always be servants or soldiers or guards to watch over and protect them. For princes there is no skipping off to swim with a bunch of boys in a summer puddle, no begging a

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nickel for the moving picture show,—lessons, exercise, fencing, horseback riding, play, meals—everything in the companionship of nurses, guards and teachers!

But the palaces of the Emperor are beautiful. The real palace is very plain and built in pure Japanese fashion of unpainted, but soft gray sweet-scented wood. Inside its plain rooms are decorated in the building itself and not, as in so many Western palaces, by fussy furniture things. It would take too long to describe it—but the chief decoration is flowers—fresh, beautifully arranged flowers. There are other palaces in European style. And the present Emperor and Empress ride together in the same "auto" or carriage, though the former ones rode separately, each with a separate train of guards and friends.

The boys of the middle class people, that is, the merchants, shopkeepers, lawyers, bank clerks, school-teachers (who are mostly men) and so on, have much more freedom than princes.

These "free" boys are off to school early in the morning. Although school begins at nine o'clock winters and eight o'clock summers, these boys mostly get on the grounds by seven o'clock or earlier—so they can have time to enjoy the big playground before school time. In all the school playgrounds are all sorts of things, tether poles, swinging logs, horizontal ladders, turning poles. I can't begin to tell you all of them—there are footballs, baseballs, tennis also, in some schools—so

why shouldn't a boy get there as soon as he swallows his breakfast? The fact that he is expected to have lessons a few hours later, to pay for his fun, is not worth considering. It's like the boy who was whipped for going fishing in his new trousers; he said, "What's five minutes' licking to five hours' fun—I'd had the fun!" (If he'd only changed before he went!) There are no truant officers in Japan.

Another thing I've discovered in Japan—there is no place for the children to play *at home!* True, lots of homes have beautiful yards—but, oh, dear, they were never made for children to romp in. Very quiet little children may squat by the pond and feed the carp or goldfish therein—but they must be very quiet and not disturb the fish—and if the house cat is sleepily stretched out on a stone, also watching the fish, no good little Japanese child would even whisper to disturb pussy. The little mounds, and the clumps of bushes, and the crooked old pine trees are not put in a Japanese garden for the children to play hide-and-seek among, or pussy wants the corner—or any such thing—they were put there to inspire the young ladies and gentlemen to write poetry and the old ladies and gentlemen to "meditate upon the beauties of nature and the transitoriness of life." If the children must romp—*out* they go into the street—the narrow street, all full of carts and people, and electric cars and things. They like the street.

There is no place in a Japanese home for the

children to play. No child has a room for himself, not even a sleeping room. There is no nursery—no play room. No wonder school "keeps" six days in a week, and eleven months in the year, and parents petition the authorities to do away with the "long vacation of August." When the missionary man went to beg for vacation in July also, for the little ones, the sun was so hot for them, the superintendent said, "You are the *first* person, in my *ten years' experience*, who has asked such a thing, and I've had over two hundred ask for school in August also—because—they—didn't —want the children at home!"

What do the children do when it rains and snows? They play out in the streets under umbrellas—or on temple porches, or wherever they can get shelter—if the storm is hard. Even the babies are out in the storm, on some one's back. When they *must* go home, picture books and quiet toys, scissors and colored paper can usually be found in the family living-room. Amusing the baby is the best game of all to most of them. For there almost always is a baby in every Japanese home, and all love to play with it.

The homes of this *great middle* class are pure Japanese. Three or four rooms at most, with thick, padded straw matting fitted into the floor—a lovely floor for babies to roll on—the partitions of the rooms are paper panels, on wooden frames, which slide in grooves between the mats, and above in "dropped" beams. These panels can be removed

at pleasure, making the whole house just one room if needed for meetings, etc.

The Japanese are a nation of early risers. Indeed it is wonderful how little sleep any of them—even the babies—*seem* to require. (A *regular* daytime nap for a little one is a wonder. If he wants to sleep, all right—if not, no one cares.) They enjoy the early morning. Most of them wash *outside* the house, out by the well, in clear cold water—winter and summer alike. They are faithful to the tooth-brush—then, still outside the house, adjust their loose comfortable kimono with its broad belt—or the men clerks and schoolboys belt up their tight foreign trousers, then they go in and squat down on the soft mats before the low table, for breakfast. Breakfasts, and for that matter most all the ordinary meals, consist of watery soup with a bit of fish, or an egg, or a few tiny oysters, still in their shells, a piece of broiled fish, a raw egg, plum or radish pickles, Irish potatoes or beans, and the staff of life, *boiled rice*—followed by a drink of hot water or tea, *minus sugar and milk.*

Even the children drink as much clear tea as they wish, and babies eat pickles with the others. Then father goes off to his work, the children race to school, mother picks up the heavy comforts which have been their beds on the floor, the whole family sleeping in one room—if the room is large enough. If the sleeping room must also serve as the dining-room, the bedding is bundled into a closet before breakfast, and later folded neatly or

put out to sun and air. Then the baby has its bath and either plays by itself on the floor, or is tied on mother's back. Perhaps mother dusts the room and sweeps up, next. She always dusts first. While she is busy at this the "butcher, baker and candlestick maker"—or rather, in Japan, the fish man, bean man, vegetable man and all sorts of men and women with all sorts of good things to eat have been coming nearer and nearer. She hears their cries from afar, and is ready for them. She has decided on the day's food supply—and the amount of money to be spent for each thing. I wish I could give you the street cries of these hucksters—but print cannot imitate the Japanese tones and the tones are more than the words. For instance the old man who rings a bell and should shout "To-fu" for his bean curd, sings out "To-o-o-e-e-e" in a musical scale all his own—and he is only one of many. Instead of stopping at each house the huckster runs along to a convenient spot, then stops and the women of the neighbourhood gather around his push-cart, or his swinging baskets, or his five storied boxes—and while they laugh and joke and gossip with each other and with him, sharp bargaining is going on all the time. The huckster who comes down on his prices with the biggest grin is the one who gets the trade. He is *prepared* to "come down" if he knows his business —and he usually does—and the neighbourhood gossip as well; for when his business takes him across the city to the street where "mother's"

people live, he can give them the latest news about her family. The *regular* vender in Japan is a person to be reckoned with. He is a man the *new* missionary rarely sees, and never reckons with—but that missionary's reputation is more in the hands (or mouths) of such people than he imagines. He's a good fellow to be on joking terms with. After the morning's purchases are made, or any time after nine o'clock is the missionary's time to call on mother. The earlier the call, the more honour paid the hostess, as a model housewife. From this (to the missionary mother most inconvenient calling time) early hour until one o'clock is the Japanese mother's free time. She usually spends it sewing. For though Japanese kimonos seem simple and easy to make, the Japanese method of sewing makes them quite a task after all.

After two o'clock the little children come rushing home from school, the older ones come after four, and father gets home about the same time. All are as hungry as bears. The children take lunch to school—usually a ball of boiled rice—it looks like a snowball, flavored with benne (or sesame) seeds, and a pickle—so just as soon as father slips on a kimono after his bath, all eagerly partake of this five o'clock dinner, the main meal of the day. It is very like breakfast, with the addition of meat and another vegetable if it can be afforded. The mother always sits by the table and serves the others, then eats her own meal after they have finished. Even where there is a servant she

often does this. And so many families have one or more servants! Sometimes a dependent female relative is glad to do this for a home. No servant in an ordinary family serves for wages—but for a home, and whatever "bonus" and clothing the family may choose to give, and their place is like one of the family—to a certain large extent.

I forgot to say that all these people eat their solid food with their two tiny chopsticks both held in the right hand. You try holding one pencil as you usually do, and another one above it so it will wiggle a little—having the bottom ends about two inches from your fingers—and see how many *beans* you can pick up between your pencils (unsharpened ones are best), and you will know how the Japanese eat with chopsticks. When I first went to Japan—oh, many, many years ago,—I was shocked to see the *Christians* eating with chopsticks—but I soon laughed at myself for such a silly thought. Chopsticks are as clean, and *more refined* than knives and forks, because one can eat *noiselessly* with them—and *Christianity is to change their hearts, not any customs that are good.* Our knives and forks are very queer to them.

Well, after dinner, if father is busy, the children scamper off to the street to play until nine or ten o'clock when they come home and tumble into bed —if the comforts are ready. Or if they are hungry, fruit, cakes and tea are usually at hand. If father is not busy after dinner he often takes the whole flock for a walk or to the park or to the moving

picture show. Other evenings while they study lessons mother sits by them and sews and sews, for father has gone off to have a revel with his cronies, and he may not return till midnight or later. Liquor served by beautiful geisha flows freely at these men's parties, and men forget their homes.

In winter, when lessons are done, if there is a grandma or grandpa in the family, a box half filled with sifted ashes is brought in, a charcoal fire (which is smokeless) is laid on the ashes, a wooden frame put over the box and a comfort put over this frame. If I've not forgotten, November first is the "lucky day" to start this fire in the home. They all sit around it with the comfort drawn close up on their laps and over their legs and so are warm and cozy while Toshi-yori San (the grandparent) tells the tales of old Japan—of the time before America was discovered *to Japan.* Mother sews on, with long basting stitches, with a loose, coarse thread, which she breaks from the skein *at the end of the seam*—and not by the needleful (the wasteful Western way.) Her thimble is a rough broad brass or iron ring, circling her finger almost at the second joint, and instead of wriggling the needle through the cloth, she wriggles the cloth onto the needle until it is full of puckered cloth, then she wriggles it off again.

Sunday is holiday for father and children, *so it is wash-day for mother*—for it is the only day when she has the help of the older children. All the peddlers come just the same as other days—for

only schools, banks, and some offices *keep* the Sunday law in Japan. Sunday is moving day also—guests from other towns, and many from the same town always come on Sunday.

The Japanese people love the outdoors—always at all seasons. Bad weather never keeps them from any place they plan to go. With their tall, wooden clogs, short kimonos, and big oil-paper umbrellas, never a bit do they mind a storm. So, kept in school, in office or shop, and at home six days in seven—off they all go for a good time on Sunday. This is one reason it is so hard to Christianize these people. They don't want to give up their one day's pleasure even for an hour's worship. And right here let me contrast temple worship and Christian service. In the former, you know, when they go to the temple, they throw their penny offering into the money box *outside* the temple door, clap their hands three times, then bow their heads on their uplifted hands and murmur, "Namu amida butsu" several times—and the thing is done. Quite different from Christian worship, isn't it?—and practically all outdoors. Of course there are occasional meetings when they go into the temples and sit on the matting while the priests go through a service, but such services come very seldom and usually one person can attend for the whole family.

Millions of Japanese are Buddhists or Shintoists; most are a mixture of both these religions, or of superstitions arising from these religions. This means that most of them want to know God, but

don't know how to find Him. They have lots of idols, and wooden blocks with names of dead relatives on them, called memorial tablets—and great, gilded shrines (like beautiful cupboards) in their homes. Candles lighted, incense, flowers, food, wine and other things are religiously offered every morning to these things by the women of the household. And in most homes the men-folks bow respectfully before this shrine every morning as soon as they have washed. Thousands and thousands also go out on the porch and worship the rising sun. "Nothing can live without the sun, therefore the sun must be the greatest of all the gods. Ama-terasu caused Japan to be made—so we worship the sun-goddess," they say. As for the temples, they are always open. Any one can go any time to any temple and worship, but there are "lucky days" for each temple. These lucky days come twice a month in the great city of Osaka. One of the priests at the Tennoji (ji means temple) said, "Often there are 20,000 people at this temple some 'lucky days,'"—lucky for the temple, isn't it? The only blessing these worshippers get is, "*I have done the only thing I knew to do.*"

Then the homes of the poor. There are millions who work like horses in other lands, pulling wagons with a horse's load on them, loads of iron rails, pig iron, lumber, building stone, machinery, cotton, great boxes of dry-goods, matches and other merchandise—loads often heavy for a horse. The men who pull the jinrikishas—the big folks' baby

buggies—the men who live by the day's work at whatever turns up—yes, and the women too ; for in Japan one often sees a woman either helping to pull or push a load too heavy for a man alone—and once in a while such a woman is seen with a baby on her back and a little four-year-old trotting by her side, crying because its feet are so tired. One great lesson Japan has yet to learn is that poor people, day labourers, are PEOPLE! She treats them as beasts of burden. No wonder they go, if they have a chance, to lands where they hear human folks have a chance to be human! What of the homes of such people? Often a mere shack, just a lodging place—for the work day of the poor is from daylight till dark and often from six in the morning till midnight. Some of the homes are one room in an apartment house, one room of two or three mats (6 x 6 or 6 x 9 feet). Sometimes there is a comfort to spread on the floor for a bed, sometimes none. Rice is not for such as these to eat, barley and beans with the cheapest of fish and the vilest of liquor—and because the ignorant wife knows little of cooking the liquor is used in excess. The clothing of these patient ones—I suppose they are patient, they have the look of hard worked horses in their eyes—is sometimes so patched one can hardly guess which was the original piece. Why, why, why, I wonder, when they work so hard, *why must they have so little compensation?* Oh, what a sad, weary life is theirs in which to grow old. Sometimes you see a man fifty years old pull-

ing these loads. I saw such a gray-haired man's load upset in the mud one day. *He never said a word*, but in a slow, weary, patient manner tried to right it. Soon another man came along and helped him. In the meantime a school-teacher, several normal schoolboys and a gentleman (?) had passed him with scarcely a glance at his trouble—the man who helped was a cartman like himself. Heathen people are kind to their own class only.

The children from *these* homes are early apprenticed to different trades or works,—or they begin to pull light loads. One often sees two little boys pulling abreast—they look like eight years old, but of course they must be *eleven*, because the law says so! The little girls become nurses for more fortunate babies, even quite little girls. Many more go to work in the factories, with their life-crushing hours—or they are rented or sold into service at tea houses (lunch houses) and from these places the road leads almost straight to—hell!

Besides these of the city are the country people —the peasants and the farmers. Honest, upright, hard working, intelligent—but oh, so superstitious are the men and women we find here. Yet as in any land I suppose they are the freest of all people. Here men and women toil together in the slime of the rice paddies, transplanting the little rice shoots, later cutting and threshing by hand the ripened grain. When it is ready for market the one pack pony is loaded with bursting rice-straw bags full of the pearly grains—until only his shaggy head,

scrubby tail, and wabbling legs show below the load as he ambles to town—the peasant man walking beside him. When the rice harvest is over comes the daikon harvest—the digging and bundling of the foot-long radishes, which are always eaten every meal with the rice. Then follow other crops in succession—for the Japanese farmer believes thoroughly in rotation of crops, and as many of them a year as he has strength to put in. Most of their homes are roomy, large enough for several families of kinsfolk of at least three generations to live together in. Most of the houses are made with mud walls—inside and out—and thatched (roofed) with straw. Most of the boys from these homes become the rank and file of the army. The officers are chosen from the higher class and best educated people. The country girls go to work in city factories if they can—but many become peasants' wives when about sixteen years old. In the summer months the women and girls of the country are busy caring for the silkworms—those precious little worms that must spin enough silk threads to furnish all the ribbons and silk dresses vain little city girls and their mamas *think* they need.

In Osaka City our Sunday-school at Tennoji is mostly middle class children—the one at Kizukawa is mostly the children of shopkeepers (don't think for a moment of American storekeepers, these are *so* different) and factory workers, and the school at Tanabe is of farmers' children. We have other Sunday-schools, but these happen to be typical.

At Christmas time these schools easily count three hundred children—*less than ten* come from Christian homes. Most of the Tennoji Kindergarten children are from well-to-do homes and well educated parents, several of the fathers having studied abroad. Oh, what a *big* work there is for us to do! "Too busy, too busy to listen," "Too busy to give one hour of their precious holiday," the parents say. But they all love music, and pictures—and in the poorer homes there is neither. So we gather into the Sunday-schools all the little ones we can. (Sometimes I wonder that any of them come when their parents are so indifferent.) We know these little ones are ours a short time only. We send into these homes by the children Christian songs, Christian pictures, and best of all Christ messages. In the scrap-books and picture post-cards from the American children are glimpses of different homes —homes with music and pictures and happy faces. There are pictures of churches where crowds of old and young meet gladly to worship the true God on *Sunday*. There are pictures of farmers who *ride* while they plow and of steam threshers; there are pictures of—oh, what must some Japanese men think?—pictures of a land where loaded wagons are pulled by two big, strong horses—such horses as *he* never dreamed were in the world! Pictures of new ideals to give them new hopes and new ambitions —and you will pray, with us, that God will bless all these messages that Japan shall be full of Christian homes before many years.

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IV

Who is Topsy-Turvy?

SOMETIMES one hears Japan spoken of as "Topsy-Turvy Land." I'll tell you a few things which are opposite ours—but you must remember "our" ways are as opposite to them—and then you can decide which land is "Topsy-Turvy." Their land is as old as the time of David—while America is as new as—Columbus!

Kitchens are built next the street.

Parlours are in the back and the beautiful yards are in the back. There are no alleys.

Horses are backed into stalls and stand with their heads sticking out the doors, and their feed boxes by the door. They usually are not tied but kept in by a bar across the end of the stall.

There are no hitching-posts. The halter is wrapped around the fore legs, about the knees of Mr. Horse.

Horses seldom kick but always bite.

Teamsters never ride—always lead their teams.

Horses, oxen and dogs are driven tandem, except in port cities which are under Western influence. Men, women and children are used as horses.

People always walk at funerals. This applies

to mourners and all except some priests and the very feeble, no matter what the distance.

A funeral procession is gay with banners, cages of birds, the brightest of gay flowers, and quaint costumes. Pall-bearers are in white or bright blue suits. The coffin is white or bright coloured and is carried on men's shoulders. And all pass along in a swift, cheery movement. Nothing solemn nor black.

Babies are never dressed in white. Always in the gayest of colours, silks and silk crêpes if possible.

Men wear divided skirts when "dressed up."

Peasant women wear trousers while working.

Men, women and children wear kimonos on the street.

People use squares of soft paper instead of cloth handkerchiefs.

People carry babies and bundles on their backs instead of in their arms.

Women hold their skirts up in front, instead of behind as protection against mud.

People turn to the left, instead of right, on the street.

Children *always* wear *long* dresses.

Stockings are only socks—ankle high for both sexes.

Shoes are wooden clogs or straw sandals, and left outside the doors.

Hats worn only by men and women imitating Westerners.

Neither hats nor gloves worn in house except at

theatres. It is not necessary for men to remove hats there.

The front of the book is the end. The story begins at the back—or what *we* call back of the book.

The columns of books and papers are across the page horizontal, but the lines of words in the columns are perpendicular.

The addresses on envelopes begin with the state name and end with the name of addressee, viz. :

Japan, Osaka, Sumiyoshi
Madden, Maude, Mrs.

The grocer's account reads 50 cts., potatoes ; $1.00, sugar ; 45 cts., rice. The amount of money always written above the article.

People say east-north and west-south.

Cat's tails are always bobbed if not so born.

Temple bells are rung by a battering pole. There are no inside clappers.

Crooked pine trees are preferred to straight ones and plum and cherry trees are raised for flowers instead of fruit.

In striking a match, peeling a potato, sawing or planing a board and other such movements the motion is *always away* from the body instead of towards it.

In building a house the carpenter asks the man how many *mats* he will put in each room, and so he builds the rooms to fit the mattings.

The newest neighbour makes the first calls. The

most popular hour for calling is 9 A. M. Always before midday. Morning is a popular time for funerals too.

Doctors do not send bills, but expect an adequate present. Most of them are rich.

Most of the school-teachers are men or married women.

Most of the embroidering is done by men. Until within very recent years all the actors were men. Women were not allowed on the stage.

Among a thousand fairy tales is not one that ends in "And they were married and lived happy ever after." A wedding is not the object in one of them—but *heroism* is the lesson.

Children are *practically* allowed their own way in everything, and indulged outrageously until seven years old—then they are sat down on so hard they have no will thereafter.

All the schools have the same books and curricula—all are under the government control. Some mission schools have trifling differences.

Cucumber, pumpkin and melon vines are trained upon trellises or over kitchen roofs—never allowed their own sweet will on the ground. There is one bean whose pods grow upright along the stalk.

At meals, men and boys are served first. Whatever is left on one's plate at a feast is sent home in a box. Servants sit on the floor to serve guests who also sit on the floor.

The maid always dusts before she sweeps.

Very few pictures or treasures are out to dec-

orate the rooms—but kept in storehouse and only brought out on special occasions.

Tea and cake are always served *before* the meal. No dessert afterwards.

Dishes usually washed in cold water and left to drain dry.

Every one eats with chopsticks.

Houses have no cellars, no attics.

The inner walls are sliding paper screens.

But the most striking opposite custom of all is that when the people go to their temples they *all*

Pay before they Pray.

They never think of going without paying first.

There are many other queer customs, but this sample will do this time.

V

The Finding of Kiku—the Geisha

I TOLD you the story of little Plum Blossom, and how she found a happy home in the Sendai Orphanage—and I told you that the finding of Kiku, her sister, was another story. Now I am ready to tell the story of Chrysanthemum who is called Kiku in Japan.

It is a sad, sad thing that wherever there is a great trouble, there are always wicked men ready to prey, like beasts, upon the people in trouble.

At the time of the famine in North Japan these human sharks were more than active. Before the missionary relief committee had hardly a hint of the evil going on hundreds of *little girls* had been "borrowed" for a dollar—or ten dollars—according to the sharp wits of their parents—into lives of shame. Do not blame the parents. They did not know, in most cases, what it meant for their daughters. They were all starving, and freezing and discouraged. They knew no God to help in such a time—and daughter was "only a girl." If the man could give her a home, or a place to work, how much better for her and for them than to all die together, they argued. We cannot judge them.

The little girls went bravely with these strange

men, scarcely shedding a tear—went "to help their parents," they supposed. How brave they were! But the only help the poor parents ever got was the money in their hands that fatal day. The parents who really cared, and who wanted to know, were told their daughter would be given work in a factory or as a servant in some rich man's house—or some such story. How could they know it was a factory of sin or a house made rich by these unprotected helpless girls?

Kiku was put in charge of a cross old woman whose business was to make city flowers out of these country blossoms. At first Kiku was kept as a servant. To carry water, build fires, scrub floors, and wait on a houseful of exacting women besides. She was given to understand this would last until another "green" girl came to take her place, then she would begin her education as a dancing girl. After a few weeks another girl came. Kiku was taken by the old woman to the public bath in the morning; then a hair-dresser was called, and after an hour's sitting her hair was oiled, fixed and decorated; and her little thin face was painted and rouged until her own mother would not have known her. Then fairly good kimono and sash were put on her—and nearly all the rest of the day was spent, sitting patiently on her feet, trying to learn her first lesson on the big round samisen (guitar), and the first weird notes of a dancer's song. No one cared that her whole body ached from its unnatural strain. No one cared for

anything about her, except that she hurry and get ready to earn money. There was no written music. She must learn it all "by heart" from her blind, though exacting, teacher.

In the evening she was given her first lessons in etiquette by helping the older girls serve the men guests. Later she went out with the old woman—always there was the cross old woman to see that there was no escape—to banquets, where she helped serve, and observed how the real geisha entertained their men guests. In this way she was made familiar with the ways of men with geisha girls.

At first the excitement of it, the newness of it, the charm of the beautiful clothes, the flattery, the candies and the beautiful presents quite appealed to her little girl's vain heart. But as the months went by and she realized whereunto all this must lead—then her only comfort was, "As I give myself to these men in this life I am keeping the bottom from falling out of the rice bucket at home."

Poor, deceived, brave little Kiku. Not one rin of her hard-earned money went to the folks at home. Unknown to her they had died soon after she was taken away. Her aunt, the only survivor, had sold her outright to the geisha man, and all her money went to make him rich. Not even her beautiful clothes, nor the ribbons in her hair were her own.

When little Ume San told the orphanage missionary about Kiku, and the search for her began, so well had the geisha man covered his tracks that

it was nearly a year before the search ended at the geisha house, and then the great conflict began. The man had bought her. No one else had any claim. He had begun her education (?), she would be a profitable investment, indeed he would not let her go. The aunt was appealed to. She had nothing to say. She had sold her rights. Back to the man, to the police, to the lawyers went the intrepid missionary. Finally the man said for so many hundred dollars he would sell her. No missionary could raise such an amount. Finally the missionary heard that if Kiku herself would sign a written statement that she wanted to be free something could be done. Poor girl, all this time she knew nothing of what was being done for her. She did not know that some one was caring for her, and that several Christians were praying for her release. She did not even dream of freedom, nor know its meaning. Finally, by some stratagem, she *accidentally* met Plum Blossom—and Plum Blossom told her of the orphanage and of her need of a sister, and she pleaded so well that Kiku even signed the paper,—as one in a dream. Now the keeper was getting alarmed. He might lose everything, so he compromised on—I've forgotten the amount—but it was small compared to his first price. This amount the missionary collected, and Kiku, now twelve years old, dressed in a common cotton kimono from the orphanage, left her beautiful clothes and her gilded cage, to come into the Christian quiet of the big orphanage family.

And *now* she realizes the awful fate that would have been hers if little Plum Blossom had not remembered her *just in time.* She knows *now* that some of the geisha girls she waited on are sleeping in unhonoured graves—some are dragging out a painful existence, a diseased body, a diseased soul, some are fast becoming the old hags who haunt and "train" the "green" girls from the country—the deceived little ones. She knows *now* that the gay butterfly life of the geisha girl is like that of any butterfly—the plaything of a summer's day, at the longest of five summers—and then with its gay wings all singed it is thrown aside, and no one in all the world seems to care. She knows now from what she has been saved, and she wants her whole life to be a thank offering for such a salvation.

How sad it is to know there are men—even men from Christian countries, who see no evil in the geisha system. The Japanese themselves, not having a Christian conscience, of course do not expect the geisha girls to be pure women. That is why no geisha girl is ever admitted into the presence of a Japanese man's mother or wife or daughter. She is hated by such women.

Even though she is beautiful to look at, even though she sings, plays and dances, and pours wine to charm even the eight million gods, there is no home in Japan open to receive into it the homeless, worse than orphaned, poor, helpless little geisha girl, and there are thousands of her in Japan.

VI

The Feast for the Dead

"ARE you homesick, Chiye San—Little Miss Wisdom—now it is the time of the Bōn Matsuri?" I asked my little Japanese maid one day in the middle of August, when we were away in the mountains.

"Homesick?" she asked, opening her shining black eyes as wide as it is possible for a Japanese to do—which isn't very wide—and smiling her own merry smile. "Why should I be homesick?"

"Well, I'm glad if you are not. I only wanted to know how you feel about it since you became a Christian. Don't you know that your parents and the rest of your family and kinsfolk are keeping the Bōn Matsuri; all the wanderers are supposed to be at home to entertain the spirits of the hotoke?"

She laughed aloud. "Why, I had forgotten all about Bōn until the water woman apologized for being late yesterday by saying it was Bōn and there were so many 'country cousins' in town she couldn't get here earlier!"

"Chiye, have you become so much of a Christian in one short year that you can so easily forget your old customs?" I asked, astonished.

"Oh, I am so happy, so relieved now that I understand things I didn't understand before. I don't *forget*, but I *think happily*. When I was a Buddhist—my people have been Shin sect Buddhists for hundreds of years, and one is *born* a Buddhist, you know—I helped to clean and decorate the graves in our family cemetery, I put incense, flowers and food there, I smoothed the path from the graves to our house door, I lit the welcome fire in front of our door so the spirits of the dead, the Hotoke Sama, we call them, could ride home on the smoke. I helped mother and grandmother prepare the feasts for the dead as well as for the living, for as you said 'all wanderers,' both living and dead, come home to this reunion, this 'all souls' festival.'

"But"—and she laughed again—"I was a silly little girl. I was as glad to get my new kimono, sash and other garments—which we all always had then—as I was to see the guests and to receive their 'remembrance' gifts.

"I dared not be boisterous or willful or rude then, because the good spirits would be offended and leave us, and the wicked spirits would haunt and curse us. So we were all quiet and happy, yet it was a 'ghostly' time, too.

"The third night, when the feast was over, I did a little girl's share in fitting out the little boat with its load of flowers, food, wine, incense and its lighted candle, and watched it float away down the river—one of the beautiful fleet of *spirit boats* from the families of our village bearing the happy

hotoke back to their prison graves for another year. I believed they were happy because they had found us all good and keeping the feast in memory of them. It never occurred to me to ask *how* they got from the river to the grave again. But that is like all our old religions. *We never question—we only obey.*

"But now I am a Christian all those old customs seem like child's play to me. My people do it because they know nothing else. Why isn't there some one to go to *my village* to tell of Christ?

"*Now* I know 'their angels do always behold the face of my Father,' and some day I shall truly see and know them. *Now* I know there are no bad spirits to harm me except the bad thoughts I admit into my own heart. *Now* I am so happy, *any time, any place I pray the spirit of my Heavenly Father visits me*—and instead of offering food, incense and wine on the graves *to the dead* I am to help the living. Oh, *this* is so much better.

"My mistress, your ancestors were Christians, so you cannot realize the *freedom* Christianity is to us—to me. In those old days I would hardly enjoy a walk or an outing of any kind lest I should unthinkingly pass by some god or the abode of some spirit and not worship it, and so be haunted. My father is Shinto, of course, as well as Buddhist—for he is a righteous man—and he taught me to worship with a grateful heart the yayorodzu kami (the eight million Shinto gods). He said I would find them in the mountains, trees, rocks, rivers, fire,

even in the fire in our own kitchen fireplace, as well as in the myriad shrines by the roadsides. And since by these human life is sustained, of course they must be gratefully worshipped. They must be feared also, because in them, too, is the power of death. But *now* I know the one true, loving God who created all these things, and who is *my Father;* I have no fear. I forget the old customs—I am too happy to care for them."

Wasn't my little maid beautifully named Chiye —Wisdom?

VII

The Shrine of the Goddess of Mercy

AMONG the thousand or more heathen temples in Tokyo, the capital city of Japan, the one at A-sa-ku-sa is, to me, the most awful and the most interesting.

It is an immense structure covering several acres of ground; old, having been built in the seventeenth century; dirty, being the roosting place of chickens, pigeons and sparrows; and popular—an incessant stream of people visiting it daily until its receipts sometimes amount to one thousand yen (five hundred dollars) a day! It is dedicated to Kwannon, the thousand handed goddess of mercy.

The temple is close to the fine modern iron bridge across the Sumida River, famous the world over for the pink cherry blooms along its banks and the lantern decorated pleasure boats on its breast.

Originally the temple was in a village separate from Tokyo—but the city has grown until now it stands in the midst of its thickest—and possibly poorest—population.

The legend says an image of Kwannon was caught in a fisherman's net in the river close by. His humble home was its first abode . . . af-

Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy

terwards this temple was erected for it. The image was less than two inches high. Hence the Japanese proverb, "As big as Asakusa (temple), as small as its image."

From the main street (where we leave the electric car) to the temple is a good block. Both sides of the street are lined with wide open—doorless—shops where almost everything Japanese and many things foreign can be purchased. Toys, of course (are there such wonderful toy-shops anywhere else in the world?), food, clothing, curios, idols, incense, all sorts of temple offerings—and what not! Anything for any kind of person—or better, everything for every kind of person can here be bought "at the lowest price"—so the posters say!

We pass through a huge wooden gate with a heavy tiled roof. Its hollow pillars, little houses themselves, each contain a great, hideous wooden Ni-o, or guardian god, made more repulsive still by the paper wads spat on them by those who court their favour. To the right of the entrance is the great bronze bell, rung by a battering beam, swung from the overhanging roof. To the left is a small post containing a wooden wheel, the prayer wheel which the devotee turns when praying that the sins of previous existences may roll away as it revolves—or that each revolution may be accepted as a prayer.

Near by are several old women sitting on both sides of the way with cages of birds. For the payment of a few sen (cash) these birds are set free,

and at the same time some unknown spirit is freed from purgatory. The birds are so tame that I skeptically wonder how many spirits each bird liberates in a day!

Next we come to the rough looking but ever present collection box at the foot of the temple steps. *Apparently we are the only ones who do not see it*, thanks to our Western training!

Mounting the steps we stand on a broad portico. Just inside the building are wonderfully carved rafters and cornices, painted ceilings, pictures by famous artists, a number of large paper lanterns reaching almost from ceiling to floor,—all the gifts of patrons—as their painted hieroglyphics boldly declare to those who can read, and all these more or less filthy because unprotected from the fowls whose habitation is in this "holy" place.

Then we meet another treasure chest, a very great one, directly in front of the altar. There is no doubt about it in the Japanese mind—one *must pay* if he would *pray*. Between this chest and the altar is a great log—a "mourners' bench"—highly polished by its *centuries* of use. At the right of the coffer is a wooden idol, supposed to be Binzuru, who, they say, took upon himself all the ills the flesh is heir to, and died of them, that others might be cured by his sacrifice. Whosoever comes to him and first rubs the part of the idol corresponding to the location of his own disease, and then rubs his own sore part, will surely be healed. The people have proven their faith in this old stick by the fact

that *his face is entirely rubbed away.* A smooth-pointed, polished post is all that remains of what was once carved as a more than life-sized head!

Near this idol is a shrine where lovers leave their petitions—written slips of paper tied to the wire screen around the idol. Although marriages are merely matters of business between parents—the sight of this netting declares Cupid has work to do even in Japan.

On the left of the money chest is the maternity idol, a woman with a babe in her lap. Near by are other idols and altars.

Just before the money chest, surrounded and protected by a wire netting, is the great altar, with its golden dishes, candlesticks, dimly burning candles, its sweet-scented, ever-burning incense; its food and flower offerings of many kinds and its thirty-three idols, representing thirty-three of the incarnations of the goddess of mercy. Still back of this (or rather in front—since we are going into the temple) is the holy of holies, where the original image is supposed to be, though I am told no one has seen this for years and years and years.

Nor is this all. The main temple is surrounded by many small buildings, shrines, monuments and *theatres.* One small temple is especially interesting, as it contains stone images of a thousand or more babies. The idol herein is Jizo, the especial guardian of children. The images are babies who have died and whose poor, lonely mothers have brought these things here, imploring protection of

them in the spirit world. Stone babies protected by a stone god—where shall a mother's heart find comfort here?

Then we turn—with the crowd—to the shows, dog shows, monkey shows, bird shows, dancers, jugglers, acrobats, theatres, moving pictures, ferris wheel, a great mingling of all the mad merry things of East and West. A tower to climb for a fine view of the city, a tall pagoda, which no one may enter, tea houses, lunch counters, ice-cream, soda pop, peanuts, photograph dens—equal, yes, more than equal to a state fair or Luna Park in America.

But, after all, the people are the most interesting study. One can see the buildings in a short time; but to stop and watch the people who come to Asakusa is the great fascination. See them *thronging* through the gates! Such a crowd. If the people in America, who think because Japan had power to conquer Russia she is a near-Christian nation, could see this—they would quickly change their minds.

Here is a man of about forty-five years kneeling at the altar; his deep trouble plainly written on his face. How long he has been here I do not know; presently he wearily rises and hopelessly, it seems, walks slowly away. The expression on his face is pitiful to see. What is his grief? A wayward son—wayward because from babyhood there was no "Thou God seest me" for him. Meanwhile many others have come. The copper coins clatter

in the coffer like the sound of summer hail. The clapping of prayer-lifted hands is as incessant,—so they notify the goddess of their presence. Many have said their brief prayer and gone away—some sadly to their homes, but many gaily to the shows —with a clear conscience.

Old men and young, boys and girls, matrons and maids, all come, even mothers with month-old babes. Here is a mother now. How proud she seems as the little one learns from her how to clap its chubby hands and bow to the unseen idol. Their little prayer ended they proceed to Binzuru, where the mother rubs her hand across the idol's eyes, then rubs it across the baby's eyes, and laughing happily, catches up the little one and hurries away to the shows—and the baby "catches" ophthalmia from the idol and before the year is out may become blind. A grandfather next attracts attention, his hair white with age. He is bringing his two-year-old grandchild with him. This little one has been well taught already, for without any prompting her tiny face is bowed above her tiny hands in reverence and she stands like a statue of devotion until the slow old grandfather is ready to go away. What a heritage for childhood! "From a child thou hast known"—what? Here comes a young matron. She first visits the maternity goddess—then turns lightly from this to the main altar, then to each of the others in turn. Next a farmer catches our eye. He seems to be driving a bargain with a priest behind the netting

—for there are many priests, apparently unconcerned, but really with cat-like eyes—watching the surging crowds. Ah! our farmer has come for a horoscope of his planting season—evidently he likes not the looks of it—we wait a while—a little bit of folded white paper slips from the toil hardened hand to the smooth, pale palm, along with the disheartening horoscope, and a new sheet is drawn from a different lot—and after a glance at it Mr. Farmer goes away smiling—there is also the suspicion of a smile on the priest's face as the folded white paper disappears within his capacious sleeve.

"I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro;
The young heart hot and restless—
The old, subdued and slow."
And forever and forever
As long as the temple stands—
As long as the Christian Gospel
Comes not to these Eastern lands—
These lives with their world old burdens,
Their sorrows and their fears,
Will bow in superstition
And faint with the coming years,
While the Shepherd who sought the lost one
Afar in the darkness alone
Tho' a King crowned now in heaven
Must be weeping on His throne.

VIII

While the Incense Burned

JUST a month from the day a happy group of Sendai women had their photograph taken they were called to attend the funeral of Mrs. Sawa, the most charming matron of the group. Mrs. Sawa, though enjoying the Christian meetings of this group, had not taken an outward stand for Christ. Her family were all Buddhist—so, though it made our hearts very heavy, we saw her laid away with Buddhist rites.

At nine o'clock in the morning we were ushered into the parlour of her home by some of Mr. Sawa's students. We proffered our gift of special funeral cakes of sugar and rice flour, wrapped in white paper tied with black and white string and marked in the way prescribed for funerals.

There were no women in the room. Mr. Sawa received our gift, and poured us a cup of tea. With him sat a group of other men, relatives and intimate friends.

In front of the parlour alcove—the sacred place of the Japanese home—stood the square, unpainted cedar coffin, covered with a rich, pale blue satin brocade spread (pall). The Buddhists bury their

dead in a sitting posture—an attitude of prayer—and they usually cremate them—but Mrs. Sawa was not cremated.

Back of the coffin and at each end stood eight stands of lotus blossoms, buds and leaves, each stand about six feet high. These were made of beautiful gold, silver, green, red, pink and white paper. On the coffin were a lot of lighted candles, some vases of cut iris flowers, and the *photograph* we had had taken the month before; beside this was her own little clock, its hands stopped at the minute of her death.

In front of the coffin, on a tiny table with a silken cover, stood a bowl of burning incense, whose fragrance filled the room. As we saw its tiny curl of blue smoke hovering over our beloved's coffin, it was almost easy to think with the Japanese present that this was the sweet scented chariot sent to convey her sweet spirit away. All around this table were heaped the numberless funeral gifts—that her spirit might know her friends remembered her and wished her well on her long, long journey through the dark "shidé" (death) mountains and across the "Sanzo" river.

As we sat on the mats, our feet doubled back under us, the baby boy toddled into the room. His grandfather led him immediately to the incense bowl, put several sticks of incense into his baby hands and showed him how to light and burn them; then how to pray to his mother's spirit. After this we gave our little message—just one

tiny Christian seed—and left to make room for other guests who were coming in to offer incense.

Promptly at two o'clock we were waiting in our kuruma, with others, the forming of the funeral procession in front of the house.

Three Buddhist priests, in costly robes of green, gray and purple, with hands clasped in an attitude of prayer, but with faces plainly showing their dissolute lives, led the way. Next came eight coolies (burden bearing men) dressed in blue uniform, carrying the eight stands of lotus plants; then twelve more coolies, each carrying an evergreen tree (not a pine tree, but a kind of camellia always used in funerals). Then came eight more coolies each carrying a ten-foot long banner, black, orange, red, blue, green and purple—Buddhist colours—then two white banners on which were written the proper name of the deceased—her death name and a Buddhist motto. Following these was the kuruma in which grandfather rode, holding baby boy on his lap, as chief mourner—and in the baby's hands was held a prayer tablet of wood.

Behind this kuruma walked twelve women friends, dressed in pale gray, with white veils over their heads, each carrying a spray of purple iris in one hand, and holding a thin white cord attached to the bier in the other.

The bier, unpainted, clean, white new cedar, trimmed with brass bells and lanterns borne on the shoulders of ten coolies, came next, followed closely by two more priests in costly robes, gay with iri-

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descent embroidery—each riding in a kuruma. Other kurumas followed containing elderly relatives and friends—in the last of these we rode. Following us was a large company of young people, mostly men, students and friends of Professor Sawa —who walked the long, long way to the great Buddhist temple nearly three miles away.

The long procession went gaily along, all the brightness of colour and quick oriental movement of it having the appearance, to Western eyes at least, of a pleasure party, rather than a funeral cortège. This is part of the Buddhist teaching, that we should conceal our sorrow, and submit *cheerfully* to the inevitable; so each funeral winds up with a merry feast.

It was quite four o'clock when we reached the temple gate. Here and there the deep, solemn, sweet tones of the evening prayer bells of other temples, half hidden in their deep groves, rather intensified the stillness, as the afternoon sun shone fitfully through the semi twilight of the tall cedar trees. Indeed it was an ideal place, here, for prayer and meditation—the chief doctrines of the Buddhist religion—a place where one might leave all care and thought of the world behind—a place for the dead; but no place at all for Christian cheer and the service for *others*.

We left our kuruma outside the temple gate. Our priests—and others—were already at their places in the temple. The flowers, banners and a large bowl of burning incense were arranged on

the steps. Numerous candles burned before and around the golden images of Buddha and his saints, within the altar rail. Many bright flowers added their colour—and dishes of food before them reminded us Westerners that, to these Japanese, spirits hunger even as do bodies.

The great bell of the temple kept tolling, tolling solemnly, and all the while it tolled the coolies, carrying the bier on their weary shoulders, and preceded by the women in gray, only, marched slowly around and around and around in a circle, in the courtyard in front of the temple, until I was almost dizzy watching them. A great hush prevailed—only the shuffling of the cloth shod feet on the pavement, only the solemn tones of the bell, only the subdued tones of the priests softly chanting a prayer for the dead were heard—and as we stood solemnly watching, the blue smoke of the sweet scented incense ascended and curled like the beckoning of her ghostly hands waving us a gentle farewell. Since she was a woman, this endless journey in front of the temple symbolized the endless incarnations through which our beautiful sister must pass in the spirit world—until in some future time she *may be born a man*, and so gain Nirvana, peace and rest.

When the bell ceased tolling (I wish I had counted the strokes to see what significant number they were) the women took their places in the temple, with the relatives at the right of the priests. The guests were seated on the mats at the left. All

were served with tea and cake. The coffin, removed now from the bier, rested on the top step, *outside the door*. For death is unholy. The priests, beating their drums, striking their hand bells, wailing their hymns and burning more incense, kept up a noisy ceremony while all the relatives and *most* of the guests went forward one by one to clap their hands and bow in prayer and offer incense in worship before the coffin, to the spirit of our sister. Not knowing its black hopelessness to the Oriental mind, one might exclaim, "What a picturesque ceremony"—but understanding—one weeps instead.

My heart ached most for Mrs. Sawa's sweet young sister, who about a year before, against her parent's wishes—but with their reluctant consent—had become a Christian. Was it in persecution this gentle sister was compelled to burn a treble portion of incense, and to remain continually throughout the service in an attitude of prayer before Mrs. Sawa's coffin? Her young face flushed by the long walk to the temple soon paled until it became death-like, and her uplifted hands trembled in their clapping, her lithe body swayed to and fro until I feared she would faint. Was she praying to Christ for mercy, for this apparent yielding to heathen friends? I'm sure her heart was pure—but what could one little girl do against a whole clan of heathen relatives—and how could a missionary help her—when she had had no idea what was coming? Poor little sister!

Another hour passed—it was almost sundown,

A Buddhist Cemetery

when the coolies bore the coffin to the grave behind the temple. Only six relatives and I went with it—all the others returned home—not even one priest showed his shaven face. Without hymn or prayer or ceremony the coolies lowered the coffin into the *shallow* grave, each of us threw *in a handful of earth* (I had not known before *this was a heathen custom*) and the coolies hastily closed the grave. The rootless evergreen trees of the procession were planted in a little avenue of approach to the top of the grave—where a tiny shrine was placed, containing a slab on which had been written her posthumous name. Before this shrine food and drink were placed and a bowl of incense burned. Up this tiny path each one walked to worship, and each woman planted her spray of iris bloom here.

Then the little sister staggered to me, and falling into my outstretched arms clung and sobbed and wept most broken-heartedly. The father came and thanked me for coming—and soon little sister and I wept alone beside the new made grave—and the sun went down.

This is a long, sad tale, but I must tell you the bright sequel.

The next day, just as the father's messenger—who had brought us a thank offering of cakes made like pink lotus bloom, and a pound of tea and a note saying the funeral feast would be held the seventh day after—was leaving, a trained nurse who attended the Bible class came in.

She said, "I missed last Friday's meeting, because I was attending Mrs. Sawa—she was buried yesterday." "Yes," I said, "I attended the funeral; tell me all about her illness. Do you think she was a Christian in her heart?" The nurse replied, "Her sickness was very sudden—she died of blood-poisoning—from a scratch on her beautiful face—it was awful—but she was brave. One evening when I thought she was asleep, I was reading my Bible at her bedside, when she opened her eyes and said—'What book are you reading, nurse?' 'The Bible,' I answered. 'Where did you get it? Are there Christians in this hospital?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'That is good; when the doctor comes again will you ask him to pray with me and for me?' she said. I promised. Then, at her request, I read aloud from the Bible until she went to sleep. Those were the last words I heard her say. *I am sure* she believed Christ was her Saviour, her death was so peaceful. And, now, I want to be baptized to-morrow! I cannot see another person die and be powerless to help them."

On the morrow, which was the Lord's Day, not only the nurse, but two other women from our happy photograph group, who had been impressed of their helpless condition by Mrs. Sawa's sudden death, were buried with their Lord in baptism.

Of Mrs. Sawa I thought—"Beautiful in life, in death she had glorified her Lord, and not all the burning incense nor all the heathen funeral ceremonies in the world can separate her from His love."

IX

The Bear Dance

OLD PENRI sat cross-legged on a red blanket, at the tent door on the Exhibition grounds, patiently carving arrows. Beside him, playing with the uncarved bamboo sticks, sat Little Penri, his great-great-grandson. As the American boys came up Old Penri slowly arose, and, gracefully rubbing his hands together, waving his arms and stroking his long snow white beard, gave them the Ainu greeting—while a warmer welcome shone in his wonderfully large, lustrous, dark, round eyes. Little Penri stood and tried to imitate his grandfather.

The boys had come to buy bows and arrows and to see the Bear Dance (not the dancing bear) of which they had heard. They expected to see *savage* people—the kindly greeting from this gentle old man was a surprise to them.

Old Penri, shadowed by Little Penri, led them within the disgracefully rude matting tent which the Japanese Exhibition authorities had permitted for the housing of the tribe of thirty Ainu.

"The Bear Dance will begin soon," he said in the Japanese language—which both he and the missionary's boys understood. "We give it three times a day." Then he showed them "the three

bears," a half-grown cub in a tiny pen, a big black bear chained to a post near a platform, and a *stuffed* black bear close by, looking quite alive.

In less time than it takes to tell it the boys were surrounded by the whole tribe of curious hairy men and tattooed women. How quiet they were, how kind. They paid no attention to the throngs of Japanese now entering the tent to see the dance—but showed the boys all their treasures as if they were entertaining old friends.

Presently a Japanese woman, in a little matted recess in the tent, began to beat a most nerve-racking tom-tom on a kettle-drum—accompanied by two girls each beating with hands and elbows on corset shaped drums. Further talk was impossible. The beautiful mother of Little Penri led the boys to an elevated platform for "first class" spectators. The Ainu men with many grins and waves at the boys quietly took their places on their own raised platform. They slipped off their kimono-like frocks and began a wrestling match—like a lot of boys. Was it courtesy alone that the Patriarch Penri proved the champion of all? Next followed a queer game of tug. Embroidered forehead *reins* were slipped on the heads of two men, the ends were fastened together—and the men pulled, each the opposite way—*with head* alone—until one had pulled the other over. Then the women put on these head reins and showed how they carried their babies on their backs in a swing supported by these reins only—and how by these head reins they drag

heavy sleds of wood in their northern home. It was a wonderful test of strength. The archery test came next, the great-great-grandfather holding his own in every match. When this was finished the women spread down gaily-woven mats on the platform, the men seating themselves in a semicircle, according to age. The women placed a bright lacquered tray containing several feast bowls before each man. A curiously whittled post of white wood, its long shaving curls still hanging on it, stood at the head of the semicircle. This, the boys were told, was considered by the Ainu as the symbol of the household god or guardian spirit. It may also represent the spirit of the Black Bear which they worship. Almost opposite this, just by the platform, was a hideously-carved giant totem pole.

When all was ready the men saluted each other elaborately—*apparently* drank a great quantity of beer—served by a few of the women, and ate their feast. Meanwhile the other women, with a kind of locked step, clapping their hands and beating their breasts to a beautiful, weird rhythm, like the sound of a chill north wind whistling down the chimney of a haunted house, marched in a wide circle around the sacrificial bear—the living one chained to the post. Presently some of the men who had finished their feast also joined this solemn parade—while other men began to torment the bear by prodding him with sticks. Then after more beer drinking, the men, beginning with Old Penri, shot

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arrows at the bear till he was (supposedly) dead. But for various reasons the stuffed bear was soon substituted for the living one—to the boys' intense relief—and doubtless to his Bearship's also. When the (stuffed) bear was almost dead he was carried upon the platform and finished by crushing (?) his head. Then with great ceremony, beer and feast foods were offered him in front of the sacred shavings (inao). This is the way the Ainu worship the sacred bear once every year in their own land. At the real festival, after the bear is killed, its spirit also partakes of soup made of its own flesh, while the people are feasting on its flesh and drinking its soup. In this way, they say, their spirits and its become one. (In this pitiful way are they not longing for the Living God ?)

Until the end of the feast the women had been dancing—now it was over, and they threw themselves wearily down upon the mats. The crowd of proud Japanese, who scorn these simple Ainu, passed out of the tent.

The American boys went back to look at the curios again. They wished for money enough to buy one of the beautiful, crudely embroidered robes—so like, yet so unlike, a kimono. These are made of tan-coloured hemp cloth, hand woven, trimmed with navy blue cotton cloth appliqué, or embroidered with white or red threads in outline of tendrils and vines, or in geometrical patterns. Their baskets of reeds and swamp grass are similarly decorated. But instead of the frock the boys

bought cherry wood bows and bamboo arrows, carved or burned, some tipped with bear's bone and winged with wild turkey quills. They bought a few flint and topaz arrow-heads and some cherry wood chopsticks. Unlike the Japanese chopsticks, which are always separate, these were joined by a ring, the two sticks and the ring having been carved from a single piece of wood. For mother they bought a swamp-grass bag, with red threads interwoven, some wooden squares to wind thread on, and a wooden spoon—these had all been carved and ornamented by the skillful hands of Old Penri. Indeed the bag was the one in which he had kept his carving tools.

When they had finished their purchases they asked the Patriarch about his people. The old man, settling himself again on the red blanket by the door, said, "Long before the Japanese people came to this land my fathers lived here simply, hunting and fishing. Peaceful we were and content. The Black Bear was our great spirit, and brought us good luck. Then from the south and west came these strange people, the Japanese. They were fighters, and gradually my people were driven north and farther north. The few of us who remain were sent to the Hokkaido Island nearly fifty years ago. There we live in our own ways in our tiny villages. But our young people are going to the Japanese schools and they will become Japanese some day.

"Mr. Batcheler, the missionary, has come among

us, and some of the tribe are Christian. That is one reason we were all so glad to see you boys to-day."

"Thank you, Grandfather. Sayonara," said the boys. "Sayonara, please come again; we are lonely so far from home," said Old Penri, aged eighty-three, and "Sayonara" piped up Little Penri, aged three, and "Sayonara" echoed the others as they followed the boys to the big gate.

These Ainu, the aborigines of Japan, are very like the squatty, round-faced type of American Indian. Very like Indian things are their weaving and pottery. Very unlike the Japanese is their wonderfully abundant wavy hair and their round, beautiful, horizontal, expressive eyes and their firm, white teeth.

Unlike the Japanese, the Ainu women tattoo their faces all around the mouth; the effect is that of a three days' beard. The boys asked why they did this. Little Penri's beautiful mother laughed and said, "To make us beautiful, of course!" Unlike the Japanese, they decorate themselves with earrings, bracelets, strings of beads and silver bangles.

Professor Starr once said: "The Ainu has a truly white skin—when it is washed—which is but seldom, and all his features suggest the white race, rather than the yellow." He is the hairiest mortal known. Esau couldn't have been more hairy.

Long life to Old Penri, Little Penri and the beautiful mother!

The oldest son of Penri, holding a sacrificial bear

X

Asama, a Japanese Volcano

THERE are about fifty active volcanos in Japan. Mount Asama, 8,200 feet high, in Shinano Province, Central Japan, is perhaps the most active, the most famous, and, because of its regular, gradual slope, the most easily climbed. It is visited, annually, by hundreds of tourists, both native and foreign. When I saw it first, some years ago, it seldom deigned to "smoke" for sightseers; but the volume of smoke ejected has increased with the years, until *now* its mile wide, circular crater constantly belches forth great plumes of variously coloured smoke and steam. There are white, black, many grays, and, in the sunset, most inexpressibly gorgeous colours. The sight is worth crossing the world to see. Frequently something heavier than smoke is ejected.

Karuizawa, a mountain village summer resort, six hours by rail from Tokyo, is the usual starting point for Asama climbers. It is ten miles, "as the crow flies," from the village to the volcano; but twice that distance "by the road," and seemingly thrice it by the angling gait of a wild, little Japanese pack-pony. Usually a party leaves Karuizawa in the evening and climbs at night, in order to get the

fine sunrise view. And another day they visit the great lava stream formed by Asama's greatest eruption in 1783, on the farther side of the mountain. Our party undertook to do both the lava stream and the crater in one trip. In view of our experience, I would advise separate days for each trip and any time between May and October. July and August are the most popular months.

We left Karuizawa (shallow swamp) at six o'clock one August morning. Our quarrelsome ponies travelled single file, each one led by a coolie. Fancy the excitement of it! But we were excited, when on the brink of a cañon, some of the ponies, to keep up their reputation, went wild and upset a man who boasted of successful horsemanship in Kentucky!

The morning was perfect; the distant scenery beautiful; the wild flowers along the way were of many varieties, including at least a dozen kinds and colours of lilies. After passing the village of Kutsukake and a sawmill beyond, our road ascended a deep cañon, over whose tree tops we looked down on another road leading to the lumber camps and to the lonely huts of charcoal burners within its depths.

At eleven o'clock we reached Wakasare tea house, on the side of Mount Asama opposite Karuizawa, and had tea, while our coolies lunched on cold rice, pickles and hot tea. In half an hour we were off again. We turned sharply to the left of the tea house and crossed what was, possibly, an ancient lava bed, but is now a dusty wilderness of great,

burnt boulders and stunted pines. Our path across this desert was marked at intervals of about twenty rods by stone images of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. In the midst of this wilderness, we crossed a shallow basin, rank with rushes, coarse grass, wild iris and golden lilies. Each step of the horses' hoofs echoed as though the ground beneath was hollow. Our party became suddenly silent. Were we crossing a sunken lake on a thin bridge of earth crust? Anciently there were lakes at Asama's base; there are none now.

About half-past twelve we dismounted. The horses were tethered to the forlorn trees, and there, suddenly, because heretofore screened by the trees, stood before our astonished eyes a great reddish-gray, jagged wall of lava rocks, almost perpendicular and nearly thirty feet high! The desire to scale it was only checked by hunger. Near a great boulder, a tiny stream of ice water trickled out. Here we spread our blankets and prepared to lunch, but the frigid temperature surprised us into changing our camp.

Lunch finished, we scrambled up that wonderful wall. Words fail to describe what we saw, but we can never forget it. Is there such desolation anywhere else in the world? Like a bit of the ocean it lay there; an ocean of storm-tossed, crested waves, congealed while tossing into giant, burnt-out, useless cinder boulders, with deep chasms between; silent, dead, old, rusty and gray. This is fourteen miles long by six miles wide, and buried

beneath it lie several small villages and a primeval forest. Here and there an apish pine, a shrivelled shrub or a bit of gray moss has sought to relieve its dreariness; but no sign of animal life was there. Not even a crow's call broke the awful silence. On both sides this lava stream is sharply outlined by the trees of the wilderness forests. Of late years these forests are rapidly being cut down for lumber. Beyond these wildernesses were fields of green things growing. Far in the west were beautiful foot-hills and the blue peaks of the wild, saw-toothed Shinshu-Hida Mountains, the wildest, grandest and most unknown of all Japan's wonderful mountains. Back of us, in awful grandeur, grumbling and growling and shaking a great plume of smoke at us, rose the creator of the lava stream, Mount Asama.

The guide called us; the day was passing and we who were brave enough, or foolish enough, to ascend the volcano that night must hasten to rest in preparation for the climb. Reluctantly we retraced our steps to the tea house. On the way the talkative guide told us that this lava stream was made by an awful eruption in 1783. "When with the voice of a thousand thunders, with lightnings and earthquakes, it seemed as if the entire mountain was bursting to pieces!" Two lakes at its base disappeared and several villages were destroyed. Even as far away as Karuizawa, with intervening foothills and deep valleys, fifty houses were burned by the showers of red hot rocks. The villagers cov-

ered their heads with buckets, crocks and heavy quilts and fled in the darkness and terror beyond the farther mountains. Day and night became as one, lighted only by the mountain's lurid flames and the lightning's almost incessant flashes. All this terror lasted from June 25th to August 7th and the dust fell and the earthquake shook the country eighty miles away. Then the mountain became quiet again. The natives insist that as long as it keeps continually active, as it now is, there can be no great eruption, so they feel perfectly safe in their homes and laugh at the white man's fears. By some curious old manuscript books in Karuizawa village, we authenticated the guide's story.

Beyond Wakasare tea house, on the eastern slope of Asama, we climbed to the edge of timber line. Here the horses were tethered for the night. We had our supper and rested until nearly ten o'clock. Darkness comes quickly in Japan, there is scarcely a twilight's warning, and after a glorious sunset, caused by the clouds of fitfully puffing steam, the stars were soon sparkling overhead. The lava stream seemed to have belonged to some other sphere, this place was so beautiful in contrast.

At ten o'clock the guides lighted their paper lanterns, adjusted their packs, and our procession started on its upward climb. How solemn and weird it seemed to us to be climbing that mysterious mountain in the night! We felt like the mother goose woman who said, "Is this me or not me?"

The first part of the ascent is rather toilsome. The cinders are fine and loose and one's feet often slip. Most of us were not mountaineers and so frequent stops for breath were necessary. One man suggested that we nibble a bit of sweet chocolate frequently and it helped our breathing very much indeed. About midnight we were congratulating ourselves upon our solid road, our good progress and our fine weather, when, change! a terrific gale struck us suddenly slap in the face. The full moon as suddenly disappeared, the guides' lanterns were extinguished, some were blown entirely away; some men lost their hats; it looked as if wind would conquer gravitation this time and we be hurled away. Close together, like a flock of frightened sheep, we huddled in the darkness and surprise of the storm. "Shall we go on, or back?" was the only question. The roar of the wind, plus the roar of the mountain, made hearing almost impossible two feet away. The guides assured us there was no present danger, so tying ourselves together, wearily, ploddingly, often lying flat on the earth for breath, we fought that fiendish wind, determined to conquer. We toiled on this way about two hours, when a crevice of an old crater was reached. Here we hoped for a rest before the final sprint for the crater, some fifteen minutes further on. But the wind was still against us, the crevice gave no protection, yet we felt we must rest, so rolled up in our blankets. "Foolish tenderfeet!" While we rested, the storm increased. The guides aroused us;

we started to make a final rush, but too late. That will-o'-the-wisp, Opportunity, had left us to pay the penalty of our sleeping. The guides forced us back into the crevice, but now it was occupied by a party of about fifty Japanese pilgrims, come to worship the god in the crater. So, with cloud soaked blankets and spirits as damp, we turned our reluctant feet downward. About four o'clock in the morning we had our reward. The sun was trying to rise; a grand battle between light and darkness, between mists and sun, was silently fought before our wondering eyes. A tiny flash of light, then the sun, flushing pink, peeped over the edge of a thick cloud and suddenly disappeared again. The pale moon seemed fleeing from him, above the clouds that still hid the mountain's crest.

A great blast from the north wind sent the mists flying before us like frightened ghosts. Where, all around us, had been darkness, mystery and cloud, now stood revealed the gray, bare mountainside, on which we stood. Green valleys, at least 5,000 feet below, were now exposed to view. Blue mountains were before us, with snowy banks of cloud covers tucked in between their drowsy peaks. Just a glimpse of this glory was deigned us, then we were enveloped in the thick mist again—so thick the whole party could not be seen at once. Presently the sun peeped out for another moment, the mist curtain lifted, he disappeared, and the curtain fell. Perhaps half an hour this peek-a-boo battle continued, then the sun burst forth in splen-

dour and the ghostly mists fled rapidly away from below and around us, but still concealed the mountain's top.

When we reached timber line, we hastily devoured a bit of lunch, while the horses were being saddled, and, tired and half disappointed, we drowsed most of the way back to Karuizawa, which we reached just at noon. For a whole week that storm-cloud hung over Mount Asama; then came a fair day and a new party to climb the mountain. This time our experiences were different. Just at sunset a sharp summer thunder-shower overtook us and we had the unusual experience of getting above it and watching it from above. Below and all about us was the glory of the electric flashes; above us stars and a clear sky! After an easy two hours' climb we rested peacefully in the crevice of the old crater. At four in the morning we made the final sprint for the crater; this is the steepest part of the climb, but it is short. How shall I describe what we saw? Deep down within the rough, riven, roasted, perpendicular, steaming walls were the awful, eternal, unquenchable fires burning. How far down? No one seems to know. Our guide thought two hundred feet. One of the men of the party said five hundred. To me the shorter distance seemed more correct. Almost in the centre of this boiling, bubbling, sputtering mass of fire was a cone-shaped flue, puffing out fire and black smoke (I read in a geography that volcanos never smoke, but steam,—perhaps so, but this was

so black, it smoked), just as a giant locomotive puffs and strains to move a heavy train, only more so. The noise of it was greater than the roar of Niagara Falls. As we stood there, fascinated, a sudden peculiar, strong puff sent a small shower of hot cinders our way and we ran to the old crevice for shelter. It was only a little scare and in a few minutes we were laughing and joking over our lunch baskets. How soon one forgets danger!

A little before sunrise we went for another peep into the crater, when some one noticed, in the lifting of the steam, something white fluttering near the edge and opposite us. "Spirits," said the superstitious guides. "Steam," said the practical American. "A man," said one of the women. So off went an investigating committee and brought back—a man!—a man who had ventured alone on this dangerous mountain two days before. He had lost his way, was hungry, cold and tired. In Swiss mountains such men are called "Mountain-scratchers," but in Japan —— ? This one was glad enough to become one of our party, to quit scratching alone.

Now it was sunrise. Grandly silhouetted against the southern sky, some eighty miles to the southwest, rose Mount Fuji's peerless cone, with the Koshu mountains nestling at his feet. Between them and us only the vast expanse of sleepy, billowy clouds; —the earth had disappeared. All around on every horizon were great mountains, surrounded by the waking clouds. We seemed alone on an island.

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We had the peculiar sensation of a desire to walk on those clouds. Some of our party declared that beyond the mountains, in the east, they saw the blue Pacific. It could be so.

When the sun was fully up, some of the party went exploring. On the south side of the volcano they found some great, perpendicular rocks, in upper and lower sections, with deep rifts between. These, they declared, were remains of old craters, from one of which had been belched forth that terrific lava stream previously visited by us.

And now, though almost too sleepy to sit in the saddle, it was a happy, contented party that returned to Karuizawa that noon; and some of the members were at play on the tennis courts before the day was over.

I think no one has ever been actually lost on Mount Asama, though one missionary and several Japanese have been killed by hot rocks ejected as they stood on the crater's brink and tried to escape. The Japanese mythological god of wisdom, Fudo, is represented as a man surrounded by fire, and sometimes on the brink of Asama's crater are found the jackets of Japanese students, with notes saying they have offered themselves in sacrifice to the god within the burning mountain, in order to escape the trials of this life. Gossip says they have failed to pass their examinations. Cowards, they, to fail also in life; do they think Fudo will accept such an offering?

Mt. Asama with Karuizawa village in foreground

PART TWO
Life Sketches

XI

Yojiro, or the Old and the New Life

IN the days of the Samurai, the two sworded soldiers of Japan, Yojiro, whose name means fourth son, lived as a boy. During his childhood the breath of change was already in the air, and things were not just as they had been for centuries past.

With indifferent demeanour, but with throbbing heart and quickening pulse, little Yojiro listened to the tales of the old men as they squatted around the open fireplace in the middle of the matted floor of the great kitchen of his father's house. Evening after evening they sat there smoking their thimble-bowled pipes of mild home grown tobacco, drinking innumerable tiny cups of strong, green tea—or stronger, steaming hot rice whiskey, and quietly, deliberately, in true oriental fashion, discussing the strange times in which they lived.

The aka-shige seyo-jin—the red, hairy Western barbarians, the Americans—stood at their country's door knocking for admission to trade, to coal their ships, to win protection to sailors unfortunate enough to be shipwrecked on Japan's unhospitable shores—and—what not? The requests seemed

simple and reasonable enough in themselves, they decided, but were they granted, how would it affect their country in years to come? That was the question. Yet *dare* the Japanese refuse? The whiskered foreigners came with gunboats more powerful than anything yet seen in Japanese waters. The American commander was very independent—he would have nothing to do with them during one day of the week of his stay in the harbour—because it was the day of his God. But the Japanese said that was only an excuse—he really moved his ships back because he saw the thousands of paper fish of the fish festival careening in the air, from their great bamboo poles, and he thought them war signals. "I shall expect a favourable answer when I come again," he said as he steamed away. So the old men of Yojiro village—as in hundreds of other villages—discussed, but never settled the questions. Yojiro's early dreams were of the foreigners, and with his growth grew his ambition to see the strange people.

Yojiro's father was head man of his village. He was chief archer to the feudal lord of his province, as well as a man of giant stature, for a Japanese. He was quite in favour of being friendly with the Westerners; thinking, since they commanded such great boats, with such splendidly uniformed men, all boasting the great wealth of their native land, perhaps much gain might accrue to his beloved land, so long torn and impoverished by internal strife.

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The years passed. Commodore Perry had returned and received the favourable answer he had expected. Five ports were opened to trade with foreign nations. Immediately after came a few pioneer missionaries.

Yojiro, now great in stature like his father, but still in his teens, was given permission to go to Yokohama, the nearest of the five open ports, to see the foreigners. It was over three hundred miles away, but that was nothing to a strong, young Oriental with all his life before him. So one day, girding on his two swords, tucking up the skirts of his new silk kimono, tying the thongs of his new straw sandals, and taking a fu-ro-shi-ki (handkerchief) full of small things for the journey, he started to walk the distance, as had many an ambitious Japanese lad before him. The lure of the city is strong.

Yojiro, being young and full of life, and with his father's good name to his credit, was not long in finding companions too gay for him. Even Sendai, only three days away from home, detained him a week, and received a goodly share of his father's copper cash.

In this manner—having a gay time—he wandered on until when he reached Yokohama six weeks had passed. His cash and his credit were nearly gone. Amid the pleasures of the journey he had forgotten his ambition to see the foreigners. But it would never do to return home and announce failure. He must search for some little thing the Americans had

brought to Yokohama to take home as a present to the folks there.

What could he carry so far? While he was searching the shops two Americans passed by; so surprised was Yojiro that he stared outright at them, even forgetting the Japanese way of "taking them all in" while seeming to see something far beyond them.

Yes, indeed, they were tall, ugly and fierce looking with their tawny hair, green eyes, red cheeks and great whiskers. Such a contrast to the short, wiry, expressionless, black-haired, black-eyed, smooth-faced Japanese. No wonder the little brown babies screamed at sight of them. They were exactly like the demons described in the Japanese fairy tales. Ah! he was glad he had seen them.

But the omiyagi (honourable home taking present), he must get that. After much search, trying to find something easily carried and within the means of his now depleted purse, he finally discovered a little box he presumed was cake; anyway it smelled good, it came from America and it cost only ten cash. By dickering with the clerk, as is their custom, he got it for five cash. Then, happy with his purchase, he started back home.

When the prodigal arrived the neighbours all came in to hear of his adventures. His kind father began to pass the tea, cakes and liquor freely. Now was the time for the foreign treat. The neighbours were so many and the treat so small that it had to be passed in its own box, each man

taking a taste on the end of his chopsticks. "How delicious," "Ah, so this is foreign cake—um," "It is very rich; no wonder the boxes are small"—were some of the expressions; and the wanderer was flattered and complimented on his privilege of intercourse with foreigners. Many years afterwards Yojiro discovered he had fed his good neighbours a box of Mason's shoe blacking! They survived —and happily for him they never knew.

Then Yojiro was married to the young lady selected for him by his worthy parents; and, as is their custom, the young folks lived in Yojiro's home with his parents.

Then like the sudden earthquake shock, that leaves one's house and one's hopes in ruins, came the Japanese revolution, or war of restoration in 1868. Of those who suffered most from this was the Prince of Sendai. He was of the Shogun's clan; and the Shogun, through whose influence the Americans had gained admission to Japan, lost out in the final strife. Consequently all the lords of his clan became the Emperor's prisoners. Their castles were destroyed, lands confiscated, and retainers deprived of their two swords and dispersed. Their families henceforth were compelled to live in Tokyo under military supervision.

Yojiro's father, left by this war without a prince or a master, soon became one of that great poor but proud and well-nigh helpless class so often met in the decades immediately following this great change.

Yojiro's mother, a devout Buddhist, crushed with sorrow and poverty, still clung to the little spot of ground which had been given them by their prince. Though her little body was all bent with rheumatism she crept out to the tiny porch daily to clap her hands in worship of the sun as he chased away the shadows of the night. "All else in the world fails. O Tento Sama, the honourable sun, only is always enduring, always true; so we must honour her first, every morning," she said, and daily practiced many other acts of worship before breakfast.

But Yojiro, young, strong, full of life and hope, untaught to work, became impatient of the worries and poverty at home and drifted south to the great cities again. He tried first to study medicine, then law, but finally, reckless of all save having a good time, spent his days sleeping and nights carousing. What though his debts for liquor, tobacco, geisha girls and dinners grew mountain high, the more fool the man who trusted him. What though once in a while a visitor from his own town brought a heart-breaking letter from his mother, now old beyond her years, begging him to return and provide food for his wife and little daughters, and his nearly helpless mother?

What though his mother wrote, "I have mortgaged our home to pay part of your debts," they were only women, and with an oriental scorn of womankind the letters were used as handkerchiefs, then tossed away—they might have been written to one born blind for ought Yojiro saw of his duty.

In her distress his mother finally sold their home and bought a tiny place in a poor village twenty miles down the river. "Here among strangers we will work like common people," she said, "and our friends will not be grieved by the sight of our poverty." Here the wife and little girls toiled in the garden, making it yield their food supply, while the crippled mother cared for the house and baby son, who had arrived soon after his father's last departure. The dwarfed mulberry trees that hedged in the little home fed hundreds of silkworms which every year sacrificed their helpless lives to clothe the growing family. But not in glossy silk were Yojiro's children clothed. Oh, no; these snowy cocoons were taken to the city (carried in a bag on Mrs. Yojiro's back) and exchanged for cheap cotton thread which she patiently and artistically wove into a coarse gingham for the necessary kimonos. Sometimes only the warp was of the precious thread, while the woof was threads of tough rice fibre paper, cut and twisted by the skillful hands of the little daughters. Paper is cheap and warm.

During silkworm season Bo Chan, the baby boy, was often neglected; he must get his meals whenever mother or granny had time to attend to him. The tiny worms on the trays in the warmest room in the house must be kept at an even temperature and must be fed the chopped mulberry leaves every two hours. The two little sisters must forget to play—they must keep busy picking and chop-

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ping up the fresh leaves for the greedy wrigglers. Mother and granny were almost ceaselessly changing the trays, removing the withered leaves, naked stems and refuse. A thousand baby worms on a tray make a great muss in two hours. You'd be surprised if you had never seen them! And Yojiro's wife prided herself on having fifty trays at least. That many were necessary to clothe such a family.

This little home of our story stood near the lower end of one of the many picturesque villages in Northern Japan. Far in the western horizon stretched low green hills melting away into the misty evening mountains. To the east and south the morning sun peeped at the villagers over the pine clad tops of the low hills. Between these hills and a broad shimmering river to the north cuddled our tiny village. On the slopes of the southern hills and in the short fields at their base, in irregular checker-board fashion were the rice and barley paddies of the thrifty farmers. Happy and envied was the farmer who owned two or more acres!

The houses were uniformly made of sun-dried, mud walls, with straw roofs, and close by the houses were the vegetable gardens. The division fences were the dwarfed mulberry trees which provided food for the silkworms—or sometimes a row of pulse or beans or buckwheat. Why spare land for a fence where food things will grow? Usually these village farmers gloat over an abundant harvest, but for two years now they had seen the

splendid promise of spring fade and decay under the flooded waters of the treacherous river. Yet in this way their forefathers had often suffered, so these stoical farmers merely looked their trouble and said, "shikata ga nai" (no help). After saving what they could from the waters they began to weave straw sandals, to gather faggots from the hills, and to do what they could in order to live through the long snowy winter, hoping for better luck the next spring. Surely some one had offended the god of the river and when the guilty one saw the awful result of his offense he would make a great offering to appease the angry god and all would be well again. Indeed they would all be more zealous when the feast day of the river god came again. They would all be more careful not to neglect the god of the well, either, lest he tell on them. If any child looking down into a well to see his reflection in the water should throw stones down, or should spit in it, that child must endure torture many days. Too many lives were dependent on a good harvest in the spring.

Now back to such a village, such a home and such a people came Yojiro after more than two years of life in the southern city. But Yojiro was a changed man. He was a Christian, and this is the way it happened. One day, still half asleep from the debauch of the previous night, Yojiro met an old friend who told him of the American's religion and begged him to cease his wild life and become a new man in Christ. "Come with me,"

he said, "to the missionary and learn all about it." Yojiro laughed, but being curious, the old longing to see foreigners conquered him, and he went with his friend. The missionary was teaching the Bible. Yojiro was made welcome. His interest in the new doctrine grew—and after several months he and some of the other men in the class were baptized. Yojiro let a year slip by before he ventured home with the good news. He wanted to prove himself—to recover something of what he had lost during his months of dissipation. The missionary was Dr. Verbeck, one of the most honoured of Japan's pioneer missionaries.

He found such peace and joy in his new religion that he was almost wild to tell it to the folks at home—then to the villages and towns all along the three hundred miles home. Yet he knew it meant privation, persecution and scorn. Even yet through all the land Christianity was called "The Evil Sect." "If the missionary can leave his own land so far away for Christ, should a big Japanese like me be less loyal?" he reasoned. "No—I will go home and spend the rest of my life telling of this wonderful Saviour and His wonderful sacrifice for men." He had never written of his changed life, nor of his plan to return home, so no one was expecting him.

The sun had just dropped behind the western hills as Yojiro came up the path from the river. He smelled the shoyu (soy) and knew either mother or wife was getting the evening meal. How

hungry he was! It surprised him to know how he really longed for them all. He paused at the open shoji. Mother sat holding the little son he had never seen, teaching him a little rabbit song as she tried to throw a rabbit's shadow on the wall with her crippled old hands. And Bo Chan tried in his baby way to imitate her—much to the amusement of the two little girls who sat patiently and quietly awaiting their share of the supper. Wife was just lifting the heavy pot of boiled rice and barley from the crane over the fireplace in the kitchen floor. His heart sank as the thought flashed, "Perhaps they are too poor to have rice." A sense of the wrong he had done them so overwhelmed him for a moment that he unconsciously groaned. The sound startled them; the eldest daughter sprang up, thinking to serve a customer to rice whiskey—for in his absence and their dire distress they had become liquor sellers. But when she saw his face she stopped. Granny, peering out in the darkness, recognized him. A mother's eyes—no matter how feeble they are, no matter how sin marks the face of her son—always knows him. "Yojiro—welcome home!" she called, and hobbled over to help him untie his straw sandals, leaving Bo Chan to roll upon the floor.

Wife set down the heavy pot and prostrating herself before him, echoed the mother's words, "You are welcome,"—as she saw he came sober. Then she hastened for a dish of hot water and towel to bathe his travel-stained, weary feet.

But the little girls, remembering a father who had no love for girls—and who always came home to abuse them—tried to hide behind the mother's kimono sleeves, until assured by her there was no danger. Father was sober.

The next day some of the neighbours, hearing of his return, called to see him, expecting a great treat to liquor. How disappointed they were when instead they heard the story of his conversion to Christ—and of his pleading for them. "He has eaten the American's rice, so of course he had to eat of his doctrine also, but he is crazy," they said, and went away.

Yojiro knew his life must be his best sermon henceforth, so he took his wife's work in the garden, helped with the worms and cocoons in the house, and played with Bo Chan and the little girls when they had a moment's leisure. As he went to and fro through the village streets he preached Jesus, and pled with those who came to visit him to listen and think. Soon the villagers saw the liquor shop closed. The children no more feared, but ran joyfully to greet him. The wife, so cross and bitter at first, gradually became quiet and sober. They also saw that the bent, little, old granny doubled her visits to the temple—doubled her offerings and her hours of prayer. She even hoarded her pennies to buy more idols for the Kamidana in the kitchen. "They are all crazy," said the villagers.

At last the village gossips, unable longer to re

strain their curiosity, came to Yojiro's home. After the first greetings, and the drinking of their barley tea, they began, with many apologies. "Honourable wife," they said, "we have seen strange changes in this home; we have heard strange words from your honourable husband; and we have heard the bitter murmurings of the honourable old mother. We are sorry for you. What is this mental illness your husband has? Of course we are very rude to ask an explanation—but ——"

Refilling their cups of barley tea and offering them some dried persimmons, Mrs. Yojiro sat wearily back upon her heels and sighed as she began her story. "You have not been sleeping, I see. You are right; husband is a changed man." "Yes," interrupted one who loved her pipe, "he doesn't even smoke a guest pipe any more—nor (with a questioning glance) do you?"

"It is a long story. Before we came to this village, as you know, husband had gone to the southern city. For over two years we neither saw him nor had word from him; but he was a man who loved liquor and sinful pleasures—who had frequently been intoxicated at home and had abused us all—and such a life he lived. We grew so poor that mother and I began to sell liquor. As you know we became our own best customers; and our trouble and our poverty grew until I often longed for death. But a few months ago husband came home,—sober." "Ah,"—"So so,"—"Indeed!" exclaimed the listeners. "'Mother, wife,' said he,

'we are great sinners; we must put all the säké (liquor) and tobacco out of the house; it is unclean. While in the city this time I became a Christian. You, also, must become Christians. We must educate our children as Christians.' You may well believe I was surprised. Have you ever heard any good of Yaso-kyo (Christianity)? I had not; and though a wife is supposed to give unquestioning obedience to her husband, the liquor had so hardened me that in great anger I mocked and scorned him. I refused to give up selling and drinking the säké. 'What shall we do if we give up this business?' I asked. 'How will we live? The honourable husband is never at home to attend to the farm; the little girls are too small; the honourable husband's expenses alone are more than the one acre farm can pay; I will not give it up,' I said.

"Oh, I realize now how true is the proverb, 'First the man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, then the drink takes the man—and all he owns.' For part of our farm went for his drink before we began to sell säké. With many more words I scorned him many times; and his mother felt as I did. But he knew it was the drink that maddened us; he was sober and patient and kind. He emptied the liquor into the river. 'I shall lose the money,' he said, 'but no man shall lose his soul again because of me—God help me.' He sold his silk garments, put on cotton ones, began to clean up the yard, repair the flood-damaged house and prepared the ground for the new crops. Stranger than this,

he read daily out of the Kirisuto kyo seisho (the Bible) and he was often in prayer—not the kind of prayers the priests chant, but heart talks. He took down the idols and ancestral tablets from the Kamidana and burned them, much to his mother's consternation and mine. Never in all our lives had we heard of such a rash act. Surely all the gods would be offended; surely our ancestors would haunt and curse us; but he said, 'No fear, the true God whom he worshipped was the Creator, and more powerful than all, and He would help us.' Then the old mother in her rage besought the help and prayers of the priests. Isn't it sad? The poor thing is hardly able to hobble, her rheumatism is so bad, and we are so poor; but she gives her old keepsakes to the priests, begging them to pray more and more earnestly, for 'the fox god has surely bewitched her son.'

"Well, after many days, listening to his reading, his prayers, and pondering on his changed life, I gradually gave up drinking and the use of liquor in our food. Indeed that was a struggle. We women can scarcely make food palatable without the liquor flavour; but he would eat none of that; so finally I gave it up too. Next he insisted that I learn to read—he would teach me! Now aren't you astonished? I was. I, a woman above thirty, learn to read? (Few women of any age at that time learned to read.)

"But husband had become so helpful and kind to me I decided to yield to his whim, and after many

discouraging nights of study, I can say I can read a little in his Bible.

"Then I must pray as he did—not the constant repetition of 'Namu Amida Butsu' a thousand times as the Buddhist, nor the set ritual of the Shintoist; but just heart talks to the ever present, invisible God. But when he prayed aloud, teaching the children and me, his mother hurried, screaming, from the house. If mother would only listen and put on Christ also, our home would be completely happy. You all think him crazy; but it is not so; those who do not know are crazy. Our daily prayer is that this whole village may soon become 'Christian.'"

"But," said one old gossip, "you and the children are again working in the field and the honourable master is away as before?"

"That is because the people of this village will not listen to him, so he goes to other villages, to the city, even to the governor of our province, telling only the Jesus story. The little ones and I are glad to work now, so he can tell the story abroad. Last year's end we could not pay up all our bills, so another little patch of our ground was taken away; because, as is the custom of our country, you know, we must begin the new year out of debt. A few years ago it went for drink; but now it goes to the Lord, we say, and we are not troubled, because the Bible says, 'The Lord will provide.' How, we cannot say, but we hope and work and pray.

"Perhaps you don't know when the flood came last

spring that part of our land went for barley and rice for those who lost everything.

"Perhaps you don't know that it was husband's talk with the governor that secured the splendid levee which now protects us and gave work to your men in their most needy time.

"Now, won't you tell in the village how wonderful is the Jesus doctrine; how it saves men and homes?"

The old gossips, with many bows, departed, chattering like a lot of magpies. "Omishiroi, fushigi" (interesting). "Wonderful," said one. "Uso" (lies), said another. "Kikitai" (I wish to hear), said a third.

Their report to the villagers furnished talk around the fireplaces for many days thereafter. Some listened thoughtfully, some mocked, others said, "But the priests say, 'Yaso Kyo is all bad;' and has any one heard of our Emperor accepting the foreigner's religion? Time enough to consider it when he does."

Gradually there grew up in Yojiro's house a little group of men who were glad to hear his strange story of a strange God whose name and nature (strange thought to a heathen) is Love. These were the foundation of the future church there.

This was twenty years ago. Yojiro is still preaching earnestly and is as self-sacrificing as before. As he grows older he works more in the

large cities, leaving the village itinerating to young men who are his sons in the Gospel—his "Timothys and Tituses," he lovingly calls them.

In those early years of the struggle, after his little farm was completely covered by mortgages in his zeal to preach ceaselessly the Gospel, Yojiro first began to doubt his Lord. "The Lord will provide," "They who preach the Gospel shall live of the Gospel," he pondered over and over again. "All the other promises are fulfilled; why not these?" he questioned.

And lest his zeal was not sufficient he toiled, and prayed and wept night and day with his indifferent countrymen. Yet his family increased in numbers and his income dwindled. The children must be educated; but how?

Suddenly, one day, as he agonized in prayer over this problem, he heard the street children shout, "Seyo jin, seyo jin" (foreigner), and immediately he knew his prayer was to be answered. Almost forgetting to say "Amen," he rushed to the street—and there up from the boat landing, escorted by nearly all the men, women and children of the village, came a tall, thin, ruddy foreigner, with a knapsack on his back and woraji (straw sandals) on his feet.

They had never met before, but now they embraced as brothers.

Of course he was a missionary. Yojiro knew no other foreigner would discover such a Nazareth as that poor village.

The missionary, endeavouring to preach in every village in Northern Japan, had for the past several weeks been hearing of "Yojiro the Yaso man," and his good work and had now come to join forces with him.

"He was truly an angel of the Lord to me and mine," said Yojiro.

As the missionary sat on the edge of Yojiro's little porch unfastening his straw sandals the villagers gathered around him until he looked out over almost a sea of heads; but the crowd was silent. There was not a whisper as they took him all in. He was the first person from a foreign land they had ever seen. When the sandals were off, he stood in the doorway, stooping, lest he bump his head, he was so tall, and spoke to them saying, "I have no new tale to tell; but I have walked many miles to tell you the words you have heard from Yojiro are true."

Then he talked to them an hour longer, and a few lingered to hear "more of the Jesus doctrine," while the others crept softly away to their homes.

Yojiro's wife now served them with hot boiled rice, river fish soup, and tea. That night Yojiro was too happy to sleep, he was so impressed that his prayers—even the ones wherein he doubted—were answered.

From this pioneer missionary, whose knapsack contained Bibles, tracts, and other soul food—not the bread that perisheth—Yojiro learned many things.

For three days they worked together in Yojiro's village; then Yojiro went with the missionary to Tokyo to meet other missionaries, and to learn methods of Christian work, to learn the meaning of the promises he did not understand—and that those who become Christians are responsible for the financial support of the minister who brings to them "The Pearl of Greatest Price." He learned that because of the newness of Christianity in Japan, and because of its ignorance of Christian methods and its *supposed* poverty, and because, in gratitude for their own salvation, the Christians of Europe and America give to those in Asia—until these in Asia, in turn, shall be able to gladly give to others still beyond. After all it is merely lending to the Lord, for in time of course the Japanese Christians will pass this blessing on to Formosa, Korea, Manchuria, China and Tibet (unless these lands shall surprise them by becoming Christian first).

Surprised, humbled and deeply grateful that his family would be cared for while he worked, Yojiro went joyfully back to his village with his good news. His good wife lessened not her labours, though her heart was lightened and her faith strengthened. And one day, while she was visiting in the missionary's home in order to learn from the missionary's wife some of the ways of *Christian* womanhood—and the care and nurture of little children—the tall missionary had the pleasure of baptizing her in the Pacific Ocean, near beautiful Sendai Bay.

Yojiro and his family

It was a glad day for her, soon after this, when the two eldest daughters were sent to the city to enter a Christian school. One of these—some years later—became matron of a Christian girls' school in which her two younger sisters were teachers. During summer vacations they returned to their village in the far north to teach the women there the blessed story of Christ and His love for women—even the lowliest. And not only in their own village alone, but even in the cities have they "witnessed for Christ." Yojiro's dream that, like the Apostle Philip, he would have "four daughters who will prophesy," seems almost a reality now—since three are in the work, and three still in Christian schools.

When Yojiro's house became too small to hold all who attended the Christian meetings, plans were laid for a Christian chapel. This the villagers helped build, each man helping with material or labour. Though it cost less than $200.00 it is the best building in the village, and is used for all good meetings, even for the village councils.

But the hard working, patient mother of Yojiro's nine children did not live to enjoy such blessings. While the older daughters were still schoolgirls, her work-worn fingers became still. One autumn just as the rice harvest had been gathered, when the hillsides were glorified by the dying maple leaves, when the clack, clack of the shuttle should announce that the fall weaving had begun—the shuttle hung threadless; the loom was silent. The

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birth cry of a new-born son was the last sound of this earth to that mother. Glories greater than the hillside maples were hers that day—and pain and toil had passed away.

Reverently, and in sorrow because they would miss her, the whole village saw the form they had learned to love laid away—*outside* the Buddhist burial ground. She was the *first* Christian to die in that village. And her death brought other women closer to Christ. Her life spelled Victory.

In time another woman, who might have married a rich rice merchant, came to be the mother of Yojiro's children. A wonderfully consecrated woman is she, preferring a life of toil and skimping, and the care of another woman's nine children, in a Christian minister's home, to a life of ease in a heathen one. Such a woman is rare in an unchristian land. Only the Gospel makes such women.

The missionary who came to Yojiro at such an opportune time was Charles E. Garst. He also rests from his strenuous labours. His work still lives in the lives of the Japanese who learned of Christ from him. Some of these men are in Japan's Parliament, using Christian influence in the new laws of the land. Wonderful was his work as a pioneer of the Christian Church. Never since his day has there been a man among us who has gone through *all* the villages and towns of North Japan, preaching, teaching, helping, exhorting, instructing in material things also as well as spiritual as did Charles E. Garst. Never has there been one

so universally beloved. When he died something went out of Yojiro's life that nothing can replace. These two were brothers in deed and in truth. Though Yojiro works as zealously as before, yet his thoughts are very often on the time when he shall see "Brother Garst" again.

The little old grandmother—poor soul—she could not, or would not understand the new religion. She clung to her idols and her superstitions to the last. She even went to live in the temple, cutting off her gray hair, and offering it as a pledge of her faithfulness forever. Her few dresses (kimonos) and keepsakes, reminders of happier, wealthier days, were given to the temple with the prayer that they might be a propitiation to the gods not to punish her by making her a beast in her next incarnation for having borne a son who became such a Christian. Though she could not know, nor understand, because "the god of this world had darkened her mind"—such men as Yojiro are the hope of the nation as well as the Church.

XII

The Old Man and His Idol

"MRS. MISSIONARY, come here and meet this old man, please. He was baptized last Sunday." I was sitting on the floor in the preacher's house (which was also the chapel) in a Japanese inland town. We were to have a woman's meeting. I had told them I wanted to meet the women. But you never can tell what kind of a meeting you will have in Japan. Now the room was filling with men and boys, as well as women, and I must change my carefully prepared woman's talk to fit that crowd—I had had that experience before. It was the Japanese preacher in charge of this district who had called to me—himself a bright young man only four years out of heathenism. So excusing myself to the women I went across the room to the men's side. The preacher introduced me saying, "You are the *first white woman* this grandfather has seen. He always comes to hear Mr. Missionary preach, and, to-day, when he should have been working in his garden, he walked several miles to be at this meeting." Of course I praised his devotion, and, apologizing for my faulty Japanese, said he must prepare for disappointments. He said, "I can understand you, and that is all that is necessary."

Then the minister said, "Here is something he brought for you"—and he handed me a little, smoke-blackened, clay image of a man sitting on two bags of rice, with another bag on his back. He was about four inches high. I knew the old fellow. I had seen hundreds, perhaps thousands, just like him in Japan. They call him Daikoku, the rice god—god of wealth—one of the seven gods of luck or happiness. "This grandfather wishes me to tell you that he has been so ignorant and so foolish as to worship this very thing *over forty years*," said the preacher. "It was gilded when he bought it from the priest and placed it on the god-shelf in his kitchen. See how the smoke of the fireplace all those years has blackened it. That is just like the old man's experience. When he bought it he was young and hopeful. He believed the superstitions of the priests. He believed faithfulness to this thing would bring him good harvests and make him rich. But as the smoke dimmed its gold, so disappointment and care dimmed his faith, and while he worshipped this he became poorer financially and more hopeless and restless spiritually."

"Yes," said the old man, "that is all true. Now I have destroyed all my idols—I even threw this one away on the trash pile, but the preacher hunted it out, suggesting I give it to you. We want you to take it to America and show the Christians there what I and my people have worshipped and prayed to; tell your people there are thousands of *men* in my country to-day worshipping as fool-

ishly and as hopelessly as I did. Tell them I was baptized, I and my grown son together; we are very happy now; we have a great peace we never knew before. Tell your people to send more preachers soon—and can't you come often to our town to teach our women? Tell them salvation is for them as well as for men—it isn't in Buddhism, you know."

The room was quite full now, sixty people having crowded themselves in and seated themselves on their own feet, on the poorly matted floor.

It was my first trip to that town—and I was actually *ashamed* of such a place for a Christian meeting. (I've been ashamed of many more like it since.) We *sing* "My Father is *rich in houses* and lands," etc., but we *act* as if He had left His children beggars when we meet in such places for worship. As soon as I returned home I sent a table-cloth and napkins for the Lord's Table. And when I spoke to the man missionary about repairing the house he said, "The funds we receive from America will not permit it yet. When that congregation numbers a dozen they will be able to get into a better place."

It was not long—perhaps three years—after this when these people, about forty of them now Christians, were meeting in their own neat little chapel. The old man who had given me his idol had gladly given a large sum (for so poor a Japanese) towards it—and from this church have come some splendid women workers.

XIII

Shizu, or Leaving Her Loom

SHIZU was a weaving girl. From early morn until welcome nightfall could be heard the clack, clack, clack of her shuttle, as it rushed back and forth at her bidding. Her head, hands and bare feet all kept time with the shuttle. Her feet worked the treadles of the heavy, clumsy hand loom, her hands pulled the cord that sent the batting crowding the last thread of the woof against its neighbour, and her head just kept time with it all because the other motions of her body compelled it to.

There was just one room in Shizu's straw-roofed home—one room and a tiny shed kitchen. The mud box fireplace nearly filled the shed, the loom nearly filled the one room and only one thought *nearly* filled Shizu's life; that was to weave as much cloth in one day as her strength would allow, for, at best, by working every day, including Sundays (most of Japan knows no Sunday), Shizu could make but four (Japanese) dollars a month at weaving gingham, and seldom more than six dollars when there was a call for her own pretty fancy silk weaves.

Shizu had never heard of eight hours for a day's

work. The custom of her country is from daylight till dark—and Shizu followed the custom of her country—as most women do.

Shizu's mother, a woman about sixty, lived with her. When Shizu *must* stop to eat her bits of barley and radish—they were too poor to buy rice and fish—the old mother took her place at the loom. So the clack, clack, clack of the shuttle went steadily on, stopping only when a tiny thread broke, or a spool must be renewed, or one piece was completed, or when darkness kindly threw its mantle over loom and lassie, and forced them to slumber. Some one else lived in Shizu's home, also,—a little niece four years old, a bright, merry, helpful child; a burden, yet a joy; a burden because there was so little to eat—a joy because of her merry heart and winning ways. Her widowed mother was away in a great city, caring for herself and sending back a dollar a month for the support of the child.

For six years Shizu had been a weaver. Sometimes work was plenty; sometimes there was none. Even when the demand was greatest only a certain amount could possibly be done each day—so they remained poor.

During the sixth year of her weaving Shizu began to have day-dreams. She was eighteen now. Ten years ago a strange woman had visited her town, teaching a strange religion. Shizu had not seen her. Some of the neighbours, dropping in to gossip, had told the mother "That American woman is a large woman, larger than many of our

men. She has red hair and green eyes, and a red face—just like the demons in our story books. The little children cried in fright when she tried to fondle them. She wore leather shoes and walked with long strides like a man—not with the toed-in shuffle of a Japanese lady—and she wore the queerest thing on her head! It was made of straw, with silk and flowers bunched up on it—but the flowers were artificial—the hotel girl had examined it to find out while the foreign lady slept. Wasn't it strange she should wear a thing like that—for all the world like a clown in a temple parade or a theatre advertiser. How *different* American women must be to think one's hair and a parasol were not covering enough! But anyway, she had a wonderfully gentle voice. She talked fearlessly with learned men, too. She sang strange songs to them—songs about a God who *loves* men *and women.* She spoke in their own language, though she had been but a few years in Japan. American women must be very clever to be able to speak and sing in languages different from their own—and so that *men will listen* to them. Yet there was one thing stranger yet. Old man Sato, you know, had given his baby girl to this woman—this foreign woman—*to keep.* Every one knew old man Sato as one of the most shiftless men in town, and his baby was the raggedest, dirtiest, most vermin-infested, eczema-scarred child that played on the streets. She had no mother, poor child—but what would that American woman do with her? That

was the great question," and so the old cronies rattled on over their thimbleful pipes of home-grown tobacco and their tiny cups of barley tea—for even in the poorest home hospitality is a born necessity.

That had been ten years ago, yet Shizu remembered it well to-day. To-day the tongues of the gossips were wagging again, *for Jo Sato had returned;* all the town knew it! The same American woman, about to return to her own country, had brought Jo back.

In the ten years while Jo was away every one seemed to have forgotten her. Shizu had—for in those days Shizu had been a merry schoolgirl—one of the first in that mountain-hidden town where most every one declared "girls couldn't learn, they hadn't any brains." Shizu had been eager to prove them wrong—then after a few short terms she was compelled to take her place at the loom and her dreams—well, she had ceased to dream.

But now—what were the gossips saying? "Jo can read and write Japanese, Chinese and English! Think of it! Jo can paint water colours too; she can sew and embroider; she can cook delicious things; she can cook things the Americans eat also. Did you know they eat *wheat bread* instead of rice? —and Jo can make that. Jo has good clothes, she has the manners of a lady, she can earn money *honestly*, and she has returned to support and care for her old, shiftless, homeless father. And with

Jo came another girl. Both are Christians. They will have a school where little girls can be taught the things they have learned. Jo can knit and crochet; she can nurse the sick." In fact Jo's accomplishments grew with the telling —an earthquake would hardly have so shaken the town as had this wonderful transformation of Jo Sato.

All the girls who could flocked to Jo's house to see—and some to learn—and some to envy. When her weaving day was over Shizu, too, walked the weary blocks to Jo's home to see, to hear, then to plan and to dream again. And so it was in her sixth weaving year Shizu wove such dreams into her cotton and her silk as the wearers of it never imagined existed in any Japanese girl's heart.

Jo worked hard, cared for her father, taught the girls and children as she could for two years. Then the father died, and Jo, her filial duty fully done, went away across the beautiful mountains and out into the world again, where was a larger opportunity for honest living.

The burden of Shizu's dreams now was, "Why can't I, too, find an American woman who will teach me the useful things Jo Sato knows?" Through Jo's teaching and her friend's Shizu had already become a Christian, and her almost hourly prayer was, "Dear Lord, give me the chance to learn all those things. I will become a slave if necessary—and when I have learned I will spend my life teaching the girls and women of my country—for,

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oh, Lord, we need to know how to work and how to love; we need Thy love."

* * * * * *

One morning the loom was silent; the kindly, gossipy neighbours came in to inquire if Shizu was out of thread, or had finished a new piece—or what? The old mother sat at the loom arranging the coarsest of cotton threads—her weak eyes refused any other. The little niece was in tears in the corner, crying silently as though older than her years. Shizu was gone!

She had heard that another missionary lived beyond the mountains, and she could not rest, but *must* go and see if her dreams might come true. She *must* learn. Then she would return and care for the old mother. "Well," said the mother, "she has gone, and it cannot be helped."

Never was there such an ambitious student. Working as a house maid Shizu began her studies at night. Her teacher was a twelve-year-old neighbour girl. Her lesson hours were from nine to twelve at night. Oh, how hard it was to study, after so many years of brain idleness—and when her tired body was crying for sleep! Hardest of all it was to be scolded next day by the mistress for seeming carelessness—while all the time her mind was on those awful Chinese characters in the reader last night. How were they formed? A dot, a square, or a horizontal line first? Would she ever learn? Yes, she would, she must.

"Shizu," said the mistress one day, "since you

have nothing to do after eight o'clock would you like to hemstitch some handkerchiefs for me? After you can do them neatly I will pay you for them and this extra money can be sent to your mother. I will get my friends to order some too."

Poor Shizu, what should she do in the face of so great a temptation? Should she confess the lessons and refuse the extra work? Not yet. She took the handkerchiefs. She would try to do them while reciting.

All went well for a while; then after an unusually stupid blunder, the mistress said, "Shizu, you *act* like a girl who hasn't enough sleep; tell me, how do you spend your evenings? You mustn't let the handkerchiefs keep you up. . . . I have noticed the neighbour girl, Koto, coming over after supper; I shall forbid her coming if she is keeping you from your sleep. From to-night you *must* be in bed at nine o'clock. I am telling you this for your own good. No girl can become a first-class servant unless she sleeps well. You *need* fully eight hours of sleep. The work in this house is so different from anything you ever had before that it is hard. You must get lots of sleep to keep up your strength." Silently Shizu listened, then as soon as possible went to her own room for a good cry. She knew the mistress was right, but, oh, she didn't *always* want to be a servant. She wanted to study here until she could pass the entrance examination into the Christian Girls' School. Should she explain it all to the mistress?

She decided to wait till Koto came that evening and hear what she suggested.

At half-past nine the mistress, wishing to know if she was being obeyed, and having a strong suspicion that she was not, quietly slipped downstairs. A light shone through the paper partition between Shizu's room and the kitchen. The mistress called "Gonen nasai!" (excuse me) at the door, sliding it open, Japanese fashion, as she called. Two startled girls looked up from the pages of the "Third Reader" lying open on the matted floor—the look of surprise changing to one of dumb pleading on Shizu's face—of merriment on Koto's. For the Japanese love the comic—and here was Shizu in a predicament! Then the whole story came out—the weaving—the dreams—Jo Sato—the second start up the hill of knowledge.

After a long, sympathetic talk with the girls, the mistress returned to her own room—to lose some of her precious sleep in prayers and plans for this ambitious girl. Soon the household duties were lightened so that Shizu could study with a happy heart. Soon a scholarship was obtained for her from America. Soon she passed the examination, and, though much older than her classmates in the mission school, soon made rapid progress in her studies. In the meantime she was given a class to teach in the Sunday-school. On holidays and during rest hours she hemmed handkerchiefs, crochetted lace, purses, and doilies to pay for the organ lessons unprovided by her scholarship—and

after five years of this earnest preparation she graduated and became a Bible woman. Then the old mother, too, left the old loom and with the little niece came to make a home for them in the busy city—and soon *she* became a Christian. Are there any sick, or troubled or distressed? Shizu is the first one to know it. Shizu is "a pillar in the house of her God." And still in Shizu's land are thousands of girls and women treading their strength out at the loom—treading in their minds the old, narrow, superstitious, gossipy lives of their mothers—but among them are ambitious Shizus. Who is to make *their* dreams come true?

XIV

The Unfinished Story

WHEN Nebuchadnezzar was King in Babylon and Daniel was his prophet-prisoner, Jimmu Tenno, Japan's first Emperor, sailing from the southern island, landed a fleet of conquering warriors at the little village of Naniwa, now Osaka. Osaka Bay is so land-locked the white surf breaks in nearly a circle; hence the old name, Naniwa, a wreath of waves. *When good King Arthur* reigned in Britain, the Emperor Nintoku made Osaka his capital city. *When Columbus* was discovering America, the famous Buddhist abbot Renno discovered the prosperous city, Osaka, and made it a Buddhist stronghold. How different would have been history if Columbus had realized his dreams of reaching India via Japan, before Renno found Osaka! The city's name was changed from Naniwa to Osaka, "Great Hill," because its greatest and oldest temple, Shitennoji, usually written Tennoji, stands on its highest hill. For centuries and centuries the temple's mammoth pagoda has been a famous landmark.

When Raleigh was trying to colonize Virginia, Hideyoshi, Japan's Napoleon, was building in

Osaka the grandest castle Japan ever had. *When Perry* opened Japan's eyes to see the rest of the world, Osaka was the first city to capture Western industrialism, the first to have a Luna Park, with its great electric tower and hysterics producing accompaniments. Ever since Naniwa became Osaka, poetry and art sought more congenial surroundings, and riches, prosperity, pride and pleasure have had the throne. To-day Osaka's factories rival those of America and the Continent, until it is almost utterly impossible to find an American made article in the city. Osaka's people number nearly two millions, increasing at about fifty thousand a year. In Osaka almost everything is manufactured from pins to pianos, candy, cosmetics, carpets and cannon, and so on ad infinitum.

Except for a brief space on the rapidly building up south, the great, gray, centuries old pagoda is almost obscured by the forest of tall factory chimneys and the eternal cloud of smoke that hangs like a pall over the city. *During the Spanish-American war, missionaries of the Church of Christ first came to Osaka.*

In this old, old city and this new, new city, the war of change, the conflict of customs is constantly waging; the new against the old. Naturally to study and to develop these wonderful Western industries, the men of Osaka went abroad, all over the world, in thousands. The women stayed at home. To-day we see the master of the house with that "fine tailored look" going to his office in

his private, rubber-tired jinrikisha and his employees riding to their work in the latest electric trams. He has his Western lunch at a Western restaurant at noon, down-town, and about four o'clock returns to his home. Here, immediately, " with his Western clothes off and his kimono on, now he's himself, this Japanese man." He is now back into the far gone centuries of his ancestors.

To the shame of Christian nations, but few of the thousands of men who learned the Westerner's business abroad learned his religion also. The customs of the Japanese man's home, the ideals of his heart, the religions of his house are those of the long ago, " When Knighthood was in Flower." The roots of his proud old family tree go back, far back into the dim past. He is an Occidental in world competition and politics, " for revenue only." In all else he is a proud Oriental, loving perfumed ease, pleasure, poetry and the occult philosophies of an ancient East.

In the heart of Osaka is a large, beautiful garden. Only the tops of tall trees, like guardian sentinels, peep over the great, gray wall that surrounds it. Only when the massive gray gates are swung open for some very special occasion can one glimpse its wonderful beauty, and the fine old mansion within. Only after such a glimpse is Eden realized and also the meaning of " and the gates were shut."

One day, in my time, this grand old mansion was put in festive attire. All the beautiful, shining,

soft padded matting was new, all the silken floor cushions remade, all the shoji freshly covered with soft, creamy, semi-transparent rice paper; all the sacred alcoves of the peaceful rooms decorated with centuries old heirlooms. In their proper places the most aristocratic flower artist in the city had left "charming creations" of pine, plum and bamboo wedding emblems, whose subtle fragrance added to the dreamlike "feel" of the rooms.

All the servants, men and maids, were dressed in fine new kimonos. The master sat in stiffest, finest of silks and the mistress was beside him in indescribable soft, dainty gray crêpes and a gold embroidered obi. Yes, even the master's concubines were there too, and in crêpes which rivalled those of the mistress. The bridegroom, with the go-between, waited, but in a room by themselves. All waited, as only an Oriental can wait, in unconcerned calm, on unmoveable muscles.

From the street came the shout of merry children's voices, "The bride, the bride," and swift, down the expectant street, accompanied by the shouting, dancing children of the neighbourhood, and swift through the wide open welcoming gates came the wedding procession. There were bearers of trays, bearers of treasure chests, bearers of tall chests-of-drawers, bearers of the long cedar bridal chests, bearers of boxes, bearers of all things a Japanese bride must bring her husband, be he ever so rich, and all were covered by handsome blue cloths, on which the family crest was embroidered in gold.

All the bearers were dressed in the uniform of a century ago. Near the end of the procession the bride herself, riding in her closed sedan, was borne on the strong shoulders of four sturdy men. The soft pat, pat of their cloth shod feet kept time to the fluttering heart of this new little bride to be. The children stood in awe outside the gates, and, shortly, the gates were shut.

Twenty-two years ago, in a town near Osaka, lived a rice merchant and a clog maker, side by side. The families were friends. They were Buddhists of the same temple; their ancestral trees were rooted in the same far-off past. The rice merchant was fairly rich. The wooden shoemaker was hardly comfortable. There were several children in both families, but one year a little girl was born into each home. The rice man's daughter was named Mitsu (beauty) and the clog man's daughter Masa (truth). Together they played in babyhood; together they enjoyed first Mitsu's Doll Festival, then Masa's, year by year. Together, when in the fourth grade, they found the strange religion (Christian) Sunday-school and saw the stranger foreign woman. Always they were together. The first not-together came when Masa begged Mitsu to be baptized with her and Mitsu said, "I don't understand." Together they graduated from the common school.

Then came the day when all the kinsfolk of both families gathered from far and near to decide each

"Sacred heirlooms"

girl's future. Not together, oh, no! But the decisions were the same. Every one had always known there was but one decision anyway. There is only one way for girls in Yamato: A short term in a sewing-school, a little learning to play the koto and to arrange flowers and serve tea according to the ways of the ancestors, then marriage to the richest man to be obtained.

Mitsu, like thousands of other Japanese girls, accepted her fate, with bowed head and a soft murmured "Thank you," accepted the unknown but proposed husband, accepted, because obedience is expected of Japanese girls,—and Mitsu's people feasted and were happy. Mitsu was happy too; was not her vain little heart feasted with praise?

But Masa? A bomb out of a clear sky would probably have astonished her people less than she did that day! When the folks had talked things over and finally said, since it was the custom, "All right, Masa?" with drooping head, flushed face and profuse apologies for her disobedience, and deep assurance of her love for them all, she said, "You know I have become a Christian. I beg your consent that I may go to Tokyo to attend a Christian girls' school there. I want to become a Sunday-school teacher. I cannot marry yet. Please let me become a Christian teacher." The silence that followed almost broke her heart. She realized she was alone, a girl of sixteen against a whole clan, the only one in a long, long line of modest women who had not said, "Thank you." Almost

she feared they would turn her out of the family. That was bad enough, but when, after a long while, and after many persuasions and endeavours and threats to turn her from her purpose, they finally said, "Well, let her try it, the stubborn thing; she will get enough of that Christian crowd. Christians, ya! is that what Christianity does, make girls disobedient? We want no more of such a religion in this family!" That was "the most unkindest cut of all." Finally her mother said, and she repeated it at the parting, "You may go, but if you disgrace this family, don't you dare come to this town or this house again."

In spite of all, Masa was happy too! She ran over to tell her pastor of her victory. She did not tell him how hardly it had been won. She asked if the missionary would please, next time he came to their town, go over and explain about the school and about Bible women to her people. He did so, and the fact that a scholarship was provided for her won them over wonderfully soon.

Six months later the last walk was taken together, the last sweet pledge of friendship made and Masa and Mitsu were parted,—by the quarrel of customs and religions, new and old in Japan.

It was Mitsu's wedding procession which passed through the massive gray gates, into the beautiful centuries old mansion and the centuries old family in the heart of Osaka. It was very like the wedding procession of all the brides which had entered the old gates before it. The only new thing in it

was a tiny seed way down deep in Mitsu's heart, and she did not know it.

Masa, in her true heart strength, hope and faith, with her very few clothes and little keepsakes all in a little bamboo telescope, boarded the very modern third class train for Tokyo. "Free, free, the truth shall make you free." "Freely you've received, freely give," sang her happy heart all the long way, to the clickety clack of the car wheels. And beside the song was a prayer.

But, oh, the four years in the school, even though a Christian school, were not all sunshine. There was so much that was new to learn; so much old to unlearn; so many new friends; so much to do in the learning how to teach this new religion. So many times when, in spite of so much kindness, she felt so homesick and lonely. Yet would she go home? She spurned the thought! She had a life purpose. She must prove to the folks at home that Christ was real, that He meant something to her, that she wanted them to know Him too. The vacations were spent with an older Bible woman, learning "How." But one summer, fate (?) left her to herself. The missionary went away. Soon after that the pastor's wife was called, suddenly, to her father's home, and a little later the Bible woman's work was changed. Masa thought, for a short while, that the Lord Himself had forgotten her. What a test that month was! But she stuck to the hard, lonely task. She made new friends. Every one praised her courage. The Sunday-school

children could hardly wait for her to graduate, so eager were they to keep her always. The following spring she returned, so happy to begin to make her dream true.

One day, during the month of her loneliness, Mitsu surprised her with a visit. She was dressed in the beautiful soft clinging crêpes the Japanese love. Poor Masa could scarce afford a silk. It was their first meeting for three years. Masa was surprised at Mitsu's sad face. Mitsu said, "Masa, I have come to live with you now; we will always be together again. My baby is dead; he has gone back to the earth and I shall never see him again. He was such a dear baby boy. But Masa, that is not all. Oh! my sleeves are wet with weeping, all the dreary days and nights. No one cares for me, Masa, except you. My husband always drinks säké, and now he has brought a beautiful geisha girl to be his mistress. He laughs and talks and drinks with her; he gives her as beautiful clothes as mine. She has diamond rings also, and I am deserted in my husband's home. What shall I do? I wrote to my mother. She came to see me and said, 'You ought to be ashamed to complain in such a luxurious home.' I begged my brother to take me in his house even as a servant. He replied, 'There isn't rice enough to feed another mouth; stay with your husband.' My own father died, you know, but I know he would say, 'A Japanese bride is dead to her parent's house; you belong to your husband's family.' I accidentally heard you

were here, Masa, and now I have come to live with you; say we shall be together again forever. I cannot bear to share my husband with another woman." Ah! here was rebellion against the old customs. The tiny seed has sprouted in Mitsu's longing for a pure home. Masa prayed hard in her heart for wisdom. She tried to tell Mitsu of the dear Saviour, who would bear her burdens, if only she would let Him. But wearily poor Mitsu said, "I don't understand." When the evening was almost upon them, Masa said "Sayonara" to Mitsu at the big gray closed gates, as Mitsu slipped quietly through the tiny "earthquake gate" at their side.

The next year Mitsu's mother came one day to Masa. "Tell me, is Mitsu with you? She left her husband's four days ago. They wrote to ask if she was with me. No one seemed to remember where she said she was going. I have not answered them yet. We must find her and get her back, the silly girl. You do encourage her, don't you, Masa, to be a true wife and obey her mother-in-law and her husband's family? A separation would bring such disgrace upon our family. It was such a splendid marriage for Mitsu. She ought to be proud to stay there even with a dozen concubines. It is always expected a rich man will have more than one woman; it is the custom." "What do you fear," asked Masa, "suicide?" "Perhaps," replied the mother. "Such a silly girl, we must find her." The same day came a letter to Masa from Mitsu.

"Come to me; I am so sad. I must see you. I am in a little shop near the Fourth Bridge." Masa found the little shop. Among other things she said, "Do you love your husband, Mitsu?" "With all my heart and life," she said. "Well," said Masa, "you will never win him away from the geisha by acting as you do,—'you are killing the ox to cure his horns.'" Then she told of her mother's visit, her trouble. And again, in the evening, the two women parted at the big gates, and Mitsu slipped back through the little side gate and back to try again to live down her trouble, and back into the home of heart-breaking old customs.

When telling this to the missionary, Masa said, "Why is it that Japanese parents think only of the money their daughter is to marry? Why don't they consider the man? So few of my schoolmates are happily married. In every case it has been money only. How can mothers act so? It is like selling their daughters. Why is it so? And why is it Mitsu can't understand about Jesus?"

Later Masa visited Mitsu in her beautiful but lonely home. She saw the geisha laughing with the young husband. She saw the servant maids whispering behind the screens,—they also may share the husband's caresses, if he chooses. She saw Mitsu serving her mother-in-law as a maid serves. She saw something more. She saw the father's concubines also. She learned the sons of

the concubines were adopted as half brothers of Mitsu's husband; he was his own mother's only child and the family heir. The two daughters of the concubines had become geisha; they had not been adopted. They do not belong to the family now, but to their keeper. Masa saw also, what the men seemed not to see, or seeing, cared not, that even the old mother, kind and polite to the older concubines, still was jealous of their claim upon her husband. Being a woman of the old customs, she had never allowed herself to resist or to complain, or even to think but that it was all right, because it was the custom. Beneath all those soft beautiful crêpe kimonos, oh! what aching hearts! In that home, beneath its sweet exterior, what hate! It was like a sun-kissed, quiescent volcano!

And the men? They had no idea they were sinners! They were kind to their women. Had they not the most beautiful clothes Osaka provided, all the jewelry, all the best of food, maids to help them,—what more could women want? In fact the men thought nothing at all of the matter. Out in the business world of men they were honest, prosperous and respected. In fact they were among the best of unchristian men. No one questioned about their home life. It was like the homes of perhaps most of the men they met. A man's home is his castle. That there could or should be any changes from the age old customs of the ancestors, *in a man's home*, has not concerned their busy minds. In fact, the old customs are so

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comfortable to the oriental man, the majority of him desires no change. Having no religion, he is no sinner—in his own proud estimation.

Masa rushed home to the missionary after that visit. She rushed up-stairs and, with her head on the mother's knee, and her heart full of tears, she cried, "I've just come from Mitsu's home. It is so beautiful, oh, so beautiful, outside, but (very solemnly) it's like hell in their hearts. Why are the homes of my country like that? Why are they not Christian? Why must such fine people, with such unlimited wealth, why must they live like cattle? No love, no true happiness, no religion. That family has no Shinto shrine, no Buddhist altar. Even the ancestors are remembered, as a custom, not from the heart. Why does Mitsu San always say, 'I cannot understand,' when I tell her about Jesus? Her very mind seems asleep; yet her need is so great! The home of the very poorest Christian jinrikisha man, with only one meal a day, is far to be preferred to that. It has love for a foundation, heart peace for a feast. Teacher, what shall we do for Mitsu? I'm sure her husband thinks she is only grieving for her baby ——" and her voice trailed off into thoughts only. A long while she sat there on the floor, thinking. Then the missionary said, "First, let us pray. I think you have a little garden to cultivate there."

The conflict of old customs and new desires will not soon end in that home. Will Mitsu win the love of her husband? Will the husband learn

Mitsu, before she became a bride

Massa, the day she graduated
from a Christian school

there is a God? Will the time come when Mitsu shall say, "I understand"? Will Christ be allowed to enter in? Will the new conquer the old? Talk about heroes on the mission fields,—to my mind, the greatest are the Bible women, especially those who come from unchristian homes. Outside the tiny Christian circle the earnest, consecrated Bible woman is a woman alone, often a woman in her early twenties; alone with God, trying to break down a wall of heathen customs as old as Time itself. Never understood by unchristians, often misunderstood by the missionary, whose right hand she is. But happy—she is the happiest woman in the world, when a woman soul is saved because of her.

You want the end of the story?

"The birds cannot sing it,
Not one as he sits on the tree,
But, swift years, oh, bring it,
Such as we wish it to be."

XV

From Prison to Pulpit

CHILDREN'S DAY, 1914, a crowd of Sunday-school children, Christians and a few missionaries surrounded a week-old grave, on North Hill, Sendai, and reverently held a song and prayer service—having completely covered this grave, and one beside it, with beautiful flowers. The grave is that of Pastor Suto; the one beside it, his mother; the people who remembered them, his own flock, the Sendai church.

Briefly his story is this: Some fourteen years ago a young man came to Sendai with a letter from the Akita missionary saying, "This man is not far from the kingdom; do what you can for him." After a few weeks' intercourse and study the Sendai missionary had the joy of baptizing him. Whether the Akita missionary knew the young man's past, I never heard.

One day the young man, Mr. Suto, said, "Have you ever walked out to the hills north of Sendai?" "No," I answered, "but I would very much like to. I have heard there is a Christian cemetery there. I would like to see it, though I've also heard the Buddhists desecrate it so that it is impossible for the Christians to keep it up properly."

(The Japanese cemeteries are either on the family lot, or on land belonging to the temples. Some temples refuse a grave to Christians. So as Christian communities grow they try to avoid trouble by having a separate cemetery.)

"Yes," he said, "that is true. My mother is buried there. It is a beautiful location. From the top of the hill you can see the grand old Pacific Ocean east, and the snow crowned mountains west. To the northeast are the famous Matsushina (Pine Islands) of Sendai Bay."

"I did not know your mother was a Christian. I'm so glad she was. Who baptized her, when did she die—and, since you are from Akita, how does it happen she is here?" I asked in a breath.

"Brother Garst baptized her in Akita many years ago. My stepfather and half-brothers still live in Akita. They are not yet Christians, but my father is a friend to Christians. My mother came to Sendai to save me. She died two years ago. May I tell you about it?

"I, as all able-bodied youths must some time be, was drafted into the army, and sent to the Sendai Division. I was a wild fellow those days, and my mother couldn't bear to have me here alone, so she came too, to use every possible opportunity to help me grow better.

"One day, while drunk, I struck a superior officer —I myself being only a sergeant. For this offense I was sentenced to *twelve years in prison.* Of course that broke my dear mother's heart—but

she didn't say so. She just came to see me as often as the guard would let her. She was hopeful for me. She talked kindly to me, she kept me reading good books, she encouraged me to study English. Years before she had given me a Bible—which I never had read. She found it and brought it to me now. Of course she prayed for me. At first I was sullen—but shortly I began to *think*. I was overwhelmed at my own meanness to her. I began to read her books, her Bible. I resolved to become a good man. Buddhist priests are the prison chaplains, you know; I heard them, with the rest. But they had no such sympathy, no such peace, no such a *mother*—as Christ had for me. There were twelve of us in our prison gang—five of us are Christians now—perhaps some of the others yet may be—I'm in touch with some of them. Doesn't it seem strange that it took prison life to bring me to my senses? 'Out of the depths I cried unto the Lord, and He heard my prayer.' My dear mother was God's angel who stood by me then when all other friends deserted me. It haunts me like a nightmare, sometimes, to think what I might have become if mother had deserted me. She gave up home and comfort—she gave her life for me. If she could only speak to me now!

"I was in prison just two years when the death of the Empress Dowager opened all the prison doors and I walked out a free man." He paused, then went on sadly—"But there was no one to welcome me—the dear mother's heart had failed

and the Lord had taken her to Himself just a few weeks before. My greatest regret is that she is not here to enjoy the change she so desired to see in me. Some day I shall go to her and tell her all about it. I thank God for my mother."

"Yes, indeed," I echoed. "Thank God for such a mother—thank Him also for sending Brother Garst to teach her the Way."

About a week after this conversation the baby daughter of one of the Christians died. The father was too poor to buy a grave, and the Buddhists refused him one in his old family lot by the temple, so Mr. Suto said, "You may lay her beside my mother." In this way we first visited that mother's grave together, and close by its marker, a white, wooden cross, we planted some flowers for remembrance of her sweet, sacrificial life.

The son fulfilled his mother's great ambition for him; he became, without exception, the most consecrated man in the Christian church mission. He never forgot what the Lord had saved him from.

His wife, one of the girls reared in Miss Kate V. Johnson's home, was truly his better-half. No minister's wife could excel her. And there are three precious children.

After leaving Drake Bible College he held pastorates at Tsurugaoka, Akita, Yokote, and in 1911 was given charge of the Sendai church. Sendai he loved. Here was his soldier life, his prison experience, his baptism, his mother's grave. Here he found and married the wife of his own choice,

in a Christian way; here he began his ministry while preparing to enter the Bible College; here he returned as pastor after he had helped make the Akita church self-supporting. In self-support he was our strongest man. Here his oldest child was born—and here he lay six months in intense agony in the hospital until the Lord called him away.

During his long illness men met beside him who had been enemies, and were reconciled; men undecided made the great confession; men grown cold in the Lord's service—considering this man—grew earnest. Here in the hospital, surrounded by as many friends as the doctors would admit, singing "Jesus, Lover of my soul," he went away. "We shall meet, but we shall miss him"—but the good work he began—it shall go on forever and forever. The audiences of the Sendai church, since this experience, are the greatest ever. Pray the Lord of the Harvest for more workers like him; pray the Lord of Homes for more mothers like his—if any land in the world ever needed such lives Japan needs them *now*. Pray for his brave little wife, who now as a Bible woman begins her early widowhood. Pray that his children shall fulfill his ideal for them and become *Christian workers*. Shall we American Christians be less faithful than was that Japanese mother whose son "was in prison"?

Pastor Suto and his family

XVI

Teru-ko, or From Farm to Factory

IT was war time between Japan and Russia. Teru-ko (whose name in English means Brightness) was just nine years old. Besides her were Kiku (Chrysanthemum) and Ken (Sword) and Bo—who was Baby Brother. Father was a soldier, going to the war. He was also a peasant.

Their home was one of the twenty yellow mud-walled, straw roofed cottages which made up their little village. The village itself was almost hidden by the tall evergreen, bamboo, pine and fir trees which reached around its north and west sides, as if they were the arms of the hills protecting it. The main road to Tokyo formed its one street. And across the road the little rice paddies stepped down and away across the beautiful rice plain to the shining river—and the big, new railroad bridge. It was such a quiet, pretty village to look at—but its homes were dark and bare inside.

There was great excitement in the town when the call came for Teru's father to hurry to the war! The great battle of Port Arthur had been fought. Thousands of Japan's youngest, best and bravest men had been killed. The first reserves had already filled up ranks. Now came the call for the second reserves. Teru's father was of these. In Japan

every man *must* serve in the army or navy if called upon. Teru's father never hesitated a minute after his call came. His heart was very heavy. He wondered how his little family could exist without him to work for it. Teru's mother laughed and joked with him while she brushed up his uniform and wrapped in a handkerchief a few little keepsakes, and a "protection" charm, from the village shrine, for him to take. But when he did not reply to her joking she knew his thoughts and said bravely, "Shikata-ga-nai (no help). Our Emperor needs you. Our children are quite big; we can manage all right—you will soon return—and the villagers are kind."

The old men of the village came in to drink tea, and talk over war tales of old Samurai days. The young men came in to make merry with wine, and to envy him his strong body—which caused him to be chosen. The old women came to offer help in getting ready (though they knew there was nothing for them to do) and to offer advice and more "charms" against Russian bullets. And so, with a final "Sayonara" to his bravely smiling family, and followed, rather escorted, by all the village to the railroad station—where they all shouted "Banzai, Banzai," Teru's father went off to the war . . . and he never returned. His regiment was rushed straight off to Manchuria and almost immediately into battle. Word soon came to the little village that its hero, too, had joined his fellows in the spirit land.

Teru's mother put his photograph in the family shrine, and the children were taught to put fresh flowers before it every day, and to light candles for it every night, and to worship it reverently—for to her the photograph held the soul of her husband. The last bit of money she had went to pay the village priest to say prayers for the repose of his soul —this brave father.

The head man of the village was kind. He let them stay on in part of their little house. Of course he had to get another man to take father's place in the rice fields, but he let mother and Teru and even little Kiku work there also. It was weary work for the little girls, wading in the deep thick mud transplanting the tiny rice shoots from the sprouting puddle to the long straight rows. When this was done, there was plenty of weeding to do among the beans and other vegetables, as well as the rice. Then came silkworm time. Teru-ko and Kiku picked and carrried heavy back loads of mulberry leaves nearly a mile home, then washed them and chopped them fine, and fed them to the hungry, greedy little gray wrigglers. The worms had to be fed, and their trays changed every two hours night and day. The little worms do not sleep until the proper time, then they make up for lost time and do nothing but sleep several days. When they wake up it is to throw off their old skin nightgown and crawl out all dressed in a new *kimono.*

In between all this work was the care of Baby Brother. After his morning meal he was left most

of the day with Ken as nurse and playmate. Weary as their little legs and backs often were Teru and Kiku were such happy little girls they often sang their half forgotten school songs while they worked, and seldom went home from the fields without a pretty flower, or a little green hoptoad, or bright pebbles picked up from the road for Ken and precious Master Bo.

During the second year after their father's death Baby Brother was so sick several times they thought him dying—and troubles seemed to pour down. Of course in such a tiny village there was no doctor. Even had there been it is doubtful if mother could have overcome her superstitions enough to call him—superstitions against any change from old customs. Charms were bought from the village priest, but when Baby grew worse, and the old priest was appealed to again, he coldly said, "That proves you did not pay enough; you cannot expect the god of that sickness to leave for such a small sum." And over and over again mother sold furniture and clothes for a newer and better charm, hoping the greedy god would be satisfied and stop tormenting her little son. (And the priest spent the precious money in wine feasts for himself and his cronies.) The old women of the village recommended different cures, from burning the tender flesh over the pain with moxa, to feeding him dried snakes or bear's liver dried and mixed with bean paste. This for summer complaint! One even recommended taking him to a sacred waterfall for a shower bath—she had

known an old man cured so. Strange as it may seem, after many anxious days Baby began to improve; but mother had lost so many days' wages caring for him that even with the gifts of the kind hearted neighbours starvation stared them in the face.

Then it was all the family relatives from far and near met to talk the matter over—as is the custom of the country. It was decided that a new husband must be found immediately for mother. And of course no new husband would want to support another man's four children. Ken must go to his father's people, to take his father's place as heir of that family—even though there was nothing but the name to inherit and perpetuate. Teru? Well, there had been a man from Osaka through the village recently looking for girls for the factories. Teru could go there, couldn't she? To be sure the man was looking for girls thirteen years old—but Teru was large and strong; he would never know—nor care. "Just the thing," said everybody. And some one added, "The money the factory man will advance for her will buy her mother's new wedding furniture." It was decided that the village head man should be asked to take Kiku as a nurse girl for his wife's new baby. Of course she would only get her food, and perhaps one new kimono a year, but she ought to be thankful for that. As for Baby, since he was not strong mother had better keep him a while—until a new family began to come—then they would find a place for him. So

it was settled—as all such matters are settled—in Japan. Different persons were appointed to see that these different plans were carried out—even to the selecting of the new husband. Don't think the relatives were cruel—they were only following the thousands of years old customs of their country. *They knew no other way.*

Then mother was informed of the "family" decisions, and that the new husband, a sturdy peasant from the next village—whose family would make liberal wedding gifts—would be ready for the wedding in a week—there was a *lucky* wedding day then. Mother, surprised and hurt, but true to her country, said nothing—until her informant was departing; then she said, "Shi-kata-ga-nai (no help). I will do as you say; thank you all very much."

She knew it would be useless to disobey the "family." Indeed it never entered her head that any woman would even think of doing other than the "family" suggested. (It is only the *new woman* in Japan who dares to think and act for herself.)

But when the visitor had gone she called her little flock of children to her and with them all in her arms told them their fate. Together they went to the father's picture and worshipped it. Together they told his spirit to forgive them for being compelled to discontinue their filial worship—since they were leaving in obedience to the "family." Ken would remember him in his own father's home—

and together, because they were very human, they cried and clung to each other a long while. Suddenly little Ken stood up straight and said, "I am to take my father's place; I must be a *man*. No more tears for me. I am seven years old now!" The poor mother apologized to him for her weakness and praised him for his brave heart. "That was spoken like a soldier!" she said.

Teru's departure came first. Excited because she was to ride on the wonderful cars, and go to the great city, Teru could not cry. She was happy because now no one would be troubled over the cost of her rice.

Though it had been two years since she left school, all her former mates escorted her to the station. Mother came also, with Baby on her back, and Ken and Kiku wished they, too, could ride on the wonderful "kisha" with her. The bandana handkerchief in which her little belongings were tied up couldn't hold another thing, and even her kimono sleeves were bulging with all the little gifts *every one* seemed to bring, and her heart was very happy and proud indeed!

The train man blew his whistle, the engine answered, and with fifty Sayonoras ringing in her ears little Teru was off. O Teru, child, take a long, long look at the dear little home village tucked away among the trees; you will need its memory in the days to come.

But Teru was a child having her first ride on the cars. The village was soon forgotten. Everything

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now was new and interesting. It seemed wonderful how the telegraph wires went up and down; the trees went sliding past; even the houses seemed all mixed up, the train ran on so fast!

After a while the "factory-man" said, "There will be some more girls for the same factory at the next station." Teru was glad because as the sun was setting, she began to be lonely. Soon the train stopped and five girls, about her own size, got on. They were country girls also and soon they were all chattering away like magpies. They had had their supper, so Teru turned her back and shyly and slyly ate the little lunch, a snowball of cold boiled rice and a few little pickles, which her mother had given her. It wasn't long before the sand man, or the sleep sprite or the rock-a-by of the train, or something hushed them all to sleep.

Dear little girls, there was no one in all the world to love them now. The fatal "Shi-kata-ga-nai" had shut the door of home behind them.

Arrived at Osaka, the next morning the little girls were taken by street car almost to the great factory. A short walk finished the journey. They were taken to the factory's dormitory. An old woman showed them where they would sleep, eat and study, where the bath was, and told them the simple rules of the place. After leaving their little bundles in their room, they were given lunch, then a young woman took them out for a glimpse of the great city. The endless streets full of busy people, the noisy tram cars, the countless rivers and canals,

full of all sorts of boats, the grand Buddhist funeral processions, moving swiftly as a gay parade—all these ordinary sights of the "Chicago" of Japan completely charmed the little country girls into unspeakable ecstasy. But as if ordinary sights were not enough, the young woman took them to the famous old Tenno Temple, whose great gray tower is one of the sights of Osaka. Then to the old castle grounds they went. When Teru-ko saw the soldiers marching through the great gate into the barracks, she thought of her own father and wiped away her silently falling tears with her long kimono sleeve. After the castle they went to "Runa Park," as the last and best treat. Here the moving picture shows, monkey and bird cages, and other more or less Western shows and wonders so completely turned the heads of the now tired little girls that they clung to the young lady's sleeves and promised to work hard and faithful forever and ever if sometimes on their two monthly rest days she would bring them here again!

They were so full of the excitement and newness of it all they did not notice, at supper that night, that the other girls, just about to go to the factory for their all night's work, looked at them silently, pityingly.

Next morning at five o'clock they were called and told to prepare for breakfast immediately and work at six. Fresh and eager, they were soon dressed and ready, waiting in the long line of girls and women to march across the yard to the

factory when the signal sounded, and the night workers came marching back.

The faint rumble of the machines grew louder as they approached the door. Once inside the factory Teru was almost frightened to death at the thunderous roar and fearful whirl of wheels and belts—and everything that goes to make up the machinery of a modern, up-to-date cotton thread factory. One's own voice could scarcely be heard. A woman, strangely silent, patiently showed little Teru how she must watch, *constantly watch*, the several rows of whirling spinnets which were now her charge; showed her how she must very carefully catch the broken thread ends, twist them together and send them again on their whirling journey; how she must replace the full bobbins with empty ones and watch them fill again; how she must keep certain parts of the machine well oiled, and above all, how she must be very careful not to bend too close and catch her hair or her kimono sleeve or her tiny fingers in any of these hundreds of cruel, dancing, spinning, whirling things. The woman was very kind, though she was weary—with a weariness that never could be rested. For five years her daily toil had been from twelve to eighteen hours, according to the factory's rush of work. It would not be long now until she would have a long, long rest. She was so weary she had ceased to wonder how her old mother would live when she was gone.

She remained longer than usual with Teru, her face was so sweet, her eyes so bright and confiding

In such a village Teru lived

and she seemed to have brought a breath of the country with her. So long had the woman been there instructing new girls she had begun to regard them as part of the machinery, but Teru was so like she had been, as a child, that her own youth came back again; she was very kind, lest some accident happen that important first day.

How long that first day seemed to Teru-ko! Just a little lunch at noon, then back to the whirling things, and still watching them when the evening whistle blew at six o'clock. Then what a rush as the hundreds of day girls trooped back to the welcome dormitory while the hundreds of night girls took their places.

After supper the girls who were not too tired romped a few minutes in the yard. Then the school bell rang, and they all hustled to the big schoolroom up-stairs. Teru was tired, and her eyes burned, and the whirr and rumble of the wheels seemed to be going around in her head, yet her feet almost flew up the stairs, so glad was she in the thought of going to school again!

An hour was given to reading, writing and simple arithmetic, and half an hour to sewing. Some of the girls went to sleep in the midst of it. When they were dismissed Teru found her bedroom—and her bed, a long row of comforts spread on the matted floor—must be shared by five other girls, all strange to her. Evidently the beds were left just as the night workers had crawled out of them, but Teru was too tired now

to think of that. The other girls crawled under the mosquito net and into the beds as they were, but Teru removed her outer kimono, as she had always done at home. Soon they were all so sound asleep nothing could arouse them till the great factory whistle called them again at five o'clock in the morning.

Are you tired of this story? I will hurry on.

After three days in the factory Teru began to feel so tired she wanted a day's rest. Practically all her young life had been lived out-of-doors. She wanted just one day—one hour to run out in the sunshine. Her feet were so tired standing on the wooden floor all day. After three weeks she could scarcely smile, and when, during the second month, she had to take her turn on the night shift for a week at a time, she began to grow thin. Her *first* holiday came when she had worked fifteen days. She with some other new girls,—and an overseer to keep them from running away—went again to that fairyland "Runa Park." But when the second holiday came at the end of the month, even the attractions of the only fairyland she had ever known were not enough to drag her from the dormitory. As for her wages—they would be given her when she left the factory for good, unless her relatives sent for them before. It wasn't safe to trust a child with money. Though she could have a little for spending now and then, a strict account would be kept. It was only a pittance anyway—was she not receiving her food and

schooling at the dormitory? And since she did not care to go out on her holidays, she had very little use for money. In fact she did not care about it. It belonged to her relatives, most likely. She never had money of her own in the home village—why should she here?

When Teru had been in the factory a year some queer looking people came to see it. Teru had never seen any one who looked like them or dressed as they were dressed—but she knew they were foreigners because they looked like something she dimly remembered. Oh, yes, it was like the moving picture show—oh, so long ago. She slipped over to the girl next her and asked, "Are they foreigners?" "Yes," said the girl. "I suppose they are Jesus people; they don't look like the other kind." "What are Jesus people? Where is that country?" asked Teru. "Oh," said the older girl, "I don't know their country, but it's Seiyo (western). They tell beautiful stories about a man named Jesus who loves little children. I used to go to Sunday-school and hear them before I came here—not these foreigners, but some like them. Since I've been working here I think they are mistaken—or else their Jesus doesn't love *Japanese* children. Nobody cares for us; look what a lot of us are here. I don't understand *why we* must keep these old machines going forever. I wonder if my Sunday-school still goes on?" After a long pause she came over to Teru and said, "Teru-ko, if you ever get away from here try to find the Jesus peo-

ple, and if you find Jesus Himself ask Him if He loves Japanese children too—*especially girls.*" Another pause, then—"Teru-ko, let's go together our next holiday and see if we can find them!"

Just then the foreigners passed Teru's machine, and the woman smiled into Teru's wistful child face. She wished to speak to her, but the rules forbade; and because the woman had been praying a way might be opened for the Gospel to reach these girls, she was anxious to keep the rules this first time, lest she be kept out altogether later.

Next day little Teru was ill, too ill to get up. She was taken to the factory hospital. Soon her weary little body was tossing wildly with fever, the little brain dreaming of Kiku and Ken and Baby Brother, and of the beautiful hills where the village was. After a few days the doctor said, "tuberculosis." At that dread name, the scourge of Japan, came the consultation as to what to do with this "case." A post-card was mailed to her relatives. They replied they could not come to get her now—but they would come later. They had not yet had the "family council" as to what to do with her—sick.

Once, when she seemed a little better, Teru remembered the foreigners, and what the older girl had said about Jesus who loved children. She "wished she knew if He loved Japanese girls. Would it be anything like mother had loved her? Where was mother? Would mother come? Teru wanted to tell her she had been as good as she

First "Children's Day" at Osaka

could, and kept on though she was tired—so mother would not be anxious about her rice."

When nurse came in she asked her if she knew about the foreigner's Jesus. Nurse had never heard of it—but if it was anything about the foreigners it wasn't good; the Buddhist priests all said so. Teru was afraid to ask the doctor. Even if she had his answer would probably have been like nurse's—if he noticed the question at all. (So soon has the present generation forgotten to whom it owes its knowledge of medicine and nursing.)

Poor little Teru—she did not know that that very day the missionary woman with two of her Japanese Bible women was down-stairs waiting for permission to see the little sick girls; waiting to give them some flowers from the Sunday-school's Children's Day; waiting to give them some picture post-cards sent by the little American children; waiting to tell them how very much Jesus loved them every one. She did not know that the "authorities," surprised at the strange request, and not understanding her motives—and perhaps wishing not to be bothered, refused the coveted permission.

In a few more days Teru's little body was laid away. It is too sad—and it would make my story too long—to tell you how unchristian peoples care for their dead. Teru's people never came for her. They simply said, "All must die some time, shi-kata-ga-nai." Only her mother received the postal note which represented Teru's wages—the price of Teru's life—with silent tears falling in her sleeve.

XVII

The Lad from Little Lake

THE first time I remember seeing the Lad from Little Lake was during a week's meeting at the Sendai church. The pastor was reading the names of those who had signed cards either confessing their faith, or requesting further instruction in the Christian teaching.

"Lad," read the pastor, and a short, plump, bright-eyed boy about sixteen years old promptly arose. He shot a quick, peculiarly Japanese glance at me out of the corner of his eye (I wondered why, since I did not know him), swallowed the lump of embarrassment in his throat and began his confession. "In my village home I had heard a little about Christianity—that little mostly bad. My village is intensely Buddhist. The priests and schoolteachers are always berating Christianity. By this intense opposition my curiosity was aroused. Evidently Christianity was strong and threatening—else nothing would be said. I resolved to investigate for myself. If it was as bad as reported why did our gracious Emperor permit it in our land? I reasoned.

"My ancestors for five generations had kept the

hotel at the hot springs at Little Lake. Many people come and go always. Whenever a guest gave me the chance I asked about Christianity. Some said, 'It is good'; some *knew* nothing of it; some declared it bad—but all said, 'It flourishes in Sendai—go there and learn.'

"Usually the village boy's schooling ends with the grades. I decided to prepare for high school work in Sendai. There was some objection when I decided upon the Tohoku Gakuin—since it was a Christian school—but when my parents learned I could work out part of my expenses there, no more was said.

"What was my joy to find Christian teachers, a student Y. M. C. A. presided over by one of the government school-teachers, a Sunday-school, churches—and missionaries—in Sendai. This Christian church is near my boarding-house. I have been attending the Sunday night meetings regularly, and so far all the protracted meetings. I have learned enough of Christianity to know that I need it and want it. I believe Christ is my Saviour. I want to be a Christian. I have written my desires to my family. The answer just arrived is that if I become a Christian I must stop school and return home at once. Please help me—for I am *determined* to become a Christian—with God's help."

Monday night the Lad entered my Bible class for young men. The class lasted just a year—and the Lad remained most faithful of all. We talked with him about baptism. He was greatly troubled,—

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wishing to obey Christ, yet wishing also for his parents' consent. We advised waiting a while, planning for the pastor to visit his people with the Lad very soon.

Great preparations were being made for Christmas at church, his school, and in our home. How he enjoyed them! But the day before Christmas his mother came for him and no amount of pleading from any one could win her consent for him to spend Christmas in Sendai. She seemed to fear something dreadful would happen were her son so intimate with Christians. Doubtless the village priests were at the bottom of it all. I couldn't help thinking of another Lad, nearly 2,000 years ago, who returned obediently to His village with His mother —when He had hoped to remain in "His Father's House." Obedience is a circuituous route, but it leads to victory in the end.

After the New Year's holidays Little Lad had come back to school with this message: "I am forbidden to attend church any more. What shall I do? Shall I attend and say nothing? It is a great temptation." "No," I replied. "You must be honest with your people. A Christian must always be honest and true. You must be patient; we will all pray and help you all we can. We will ask God to show us a way."

This was a hard lesson for him for his own people say, "The end justifies the means." And he thought it justified disobedience in his case. We wrote to his parents asking permission for him to

attend church services. The reply was the reply of a multitude in Japan, "He can be a *secret* Christian if he wants to, but he must not attend Christian *meetings*." However there was no ban on the Bible class—possibly because it met in the missionary's home. His family proved their allegiance to another old proverb, "Always believe a man false until he is proved honest"—for one Sunday night his older brother attended church service, and was relieved to find Little Lad had been obedient to his family.

In the midst of all this heart struggle came trouble in the church resulting in a change of pastors. "Another test of his faith," I thought. The Japanese are so loyal to the one whom they consider master—now, will Lad's loyalty prove true to Christ, or only to human friends? He was true to Christ. The new pastor, to our delight, was interested at once, and immediately wrote to Lad's people—but the reply was, "Lad, come home." The next Friday night, after Bible class, in which we had had special prayers for him—with the March moon shining brilliantly on the snow, the Lad left us, to *walk* the twenty miles alone to his home. He always walked it. Imagine our surprise the following Sunday to see him at church. At the close of service he publicly confessed his faith and, with the whole congregation following to witness the ceremony, he was baptized in our beautiful Hirose River at the foot of the bluff near the old castle walls in Sendai. His parents had given a *reluctant*

consent, and in his great joy he had walked the twenty miles that beautiful Lord's Day morning in order to "rise to newness of Life" *on Easter Day.* He intended walking back again after lunch, but Mr. Robinson invited him to spend the night in his home. He was glad to do this. When he went home on Monday, we supposed it was the end of his life in Sendai.

In a few days Mrs. Robinson received from Lad's parents grateful acknowledgment for her kindness in lodging their boy, and best of all, a letter from Lad himself saying he was surprised at his parents' kindness to him. He had expected persecution instead. Soon he was in Sendai, again in school. Of a class of fifty-three he was the only one who passed with honours. We were in need of a Sunday-school secretary. Lad joyfully and carefully did his work here. One day he wanted a word with the boys. He said, "Boys, we want you to bring all your classmates to this Bible school. It is so important that you have good friends. In this church and school we learn to be good; we must have the other boys here learning also." And again I received that quick, bright, Japanese look that I scarcely know how to interpret, but it seems to say, "I mean it, *mother.*"

Years have a way of passing in Japan, as elsewhere. For reasons unknown to us the end of the next school year was the end of Lad's school life in Sendai. He was sent to the northern island to work—we presumed in the coal mines. His

letters were vague about his life and work, but strong in assurances of his love and faith in Christ.

Our furlough came—which because of our own family matters was prolonged two years. Then came our removal from Sendai—beloved capital of the north—City of Trees—Fairy Footstool—to the great, worldly, wicked, smoke-begrimed city of the southwest, Osaka. Here our own boys must attend school in Kobe, twenty miles away.

One day an English boy from the Bonin Islands said, "There is a Japanese boy at our place who knows you. He is a fine fellow; he says your mother is his spirit-mother. He lived in Sendai and his name is Lad." So one of our boys reported to me one evening. In a day or so after this the postman handed me a letter marked "Bonin Islands, from Lad."

"DEAR MOTHER:

"I have been very rude by my long silence. Many things have happened. And you have been away. I learned of your return through my friend in the Kobe school where also your sons attend. I wish very much to see you—but I cannot. There is much to tell. In Murovan I worked a while; then I decided to study navigation, and I came on a schooner with eight companions. About two months we cruised, then by most terrible storm we were wrecked on a desert island and I alone was saved. How I prayed my God. 'Many days I was alone. At last God sent a boat to bring me to these islands. He brought me to this Christian home. Here I am working and studying in good health

every day. I shall devote my whole life to God. For this He saved me when others were lost. How I shall do this I do not know. I have been here nearly two years. Please pray for me."

There were other personal messages.

I answered immediately, asking him to come to Osaka when he could and let us help him plan his future. I thought I saw the making of a preacher. But he replied "he could never make public speeches—he must work by personal work."

Several letters came and went—and the last one was written on board a ship in Tokyo Bay. He had found a work he liked in the merchant marine —"would I trust him always to do his duty to God and to men? Would I pray for him to have strength and courage for it? His faith would never fail—but his courage might, and sometimes he would be the only Christian on board. It would not be easy. My letters would help him to remember."

Will you also pray for this Lad from Little Lake who has chosen so rough a path in life—yet one in which, if he is true, the world will be blessed? (It is not easy to be a missionary.)

"Guard the sailor tossing on the deep blue sea."

Who knows? Some day you may be greeting Captain Lad of Japan's then great merchant marine—and you will be glad to have known this little tale of this big heroic soul while it still was in the body of a boy.

XVIII

Grandma Kuroda's Adventure at the Fox Shrine

IT was silkworm season in Shinano and Grandma Kuroda was very much troubled over the year's prospect. The frosts had been so late, and the spring rains so few, the mulberry leaves promised scant food for the thousands of little wrigglers she must raise—to weave gauzy threads for beautiful silk kimonos for Japanese ladies, pretty gowns for their American cousins, and—of course—rice and pickles for Grandma Kuroda and her little family. So, after thinking it over several days, Grandma Kuroda decided to go on a pilgrimage to the Fox Shrine at Matsumura, and beg the aid of the god there to prosper her silkworm industry.

One evening, when the sliding shutters had all been closed, and the three children were asleep on the floor, she and Tomi, her son's wife, sat ripping up the wadded winter kimonos, in order to do the spring washing and sewing; she laid down her shears and said, "Tomi, I've decided to go away three days. It is said that any one who stays one night in the Inari Shrine at Matsumura will have great prosperity that year. You see how things

are with us." Tomi, dumb with astonishment, and a sudden vague fear at the very mention of the Fox Shrine, dropped the kimono she was ripping and stared at her mother-in-law. "Now, Tomi," continued Grandma, "day after to-morrow is a lucky day; it is Cock day. I shall start then. I think the silkworm eggs will be about ready to hatch when I return; the mulberry leaves were half-an-inch long to-day. You will have all the big straw trays sunned, and the sitting-room emptied of everything, so there will be no confusion when the hatching begins. The children can pick and wash and chop the leaves in case I am not back in time. And, Tomi, remember, when the worms begin to hatch, Baby Boy takes *second* place in the family." "It shall be as you say, honourable mother," replied Tomi, with a deep bow. Then after a silence —"But is it well for the honourable mother to take so long a pilgrimage alone? How about Kimi Ko going with you?" Kimi Ko was the ten-year-old daughter. "No, Tomi, I shall go alone—nothing can bother an old woman like me. There are already pilgrims on the road. I shall not be lonely."

On the day appointed Grandma Kuroda—dressed in a white pilgrim kimono, tucked up to her knees, showing the new white cotton-flannel petticoat beneath; her brown legs wrapped in white cloth; on her feet straw sandals fastened by straw strings passing between her two first toes and around her ankles; a great, parasol-shaped, big bamboo hat

on her head—a protection from both sun and rain; a few trifles necessary for the journey rolled in a white cloth and tied across her back, and her pilgrim staff in her hand—started on the long pilgrimage which was to bring prosperity to the little family.

She was escorted to the edge of her town by her fatherless grandchildren—Baby Boy gaily riding on Kimi Ko's back. (Granny's only son had "become a spirit" at Port Arthur a few days before the birth of Baby Boy.)

"Sayonara Baba, Sayonara Baba," they cried in chorus. "Don't forget to bring us a nice 'omiage'" (a present for staying at home). "Hai, Hai. It shall be as you wish, Sayonara," she said, and her little feet pattered along the great road leading towards the Miyogi Mountains. The famous Fox Shrine was beyond the mountains.

It was unusually warm for the first of June, but there were other travellers on the road, and sometimes there was companionship—but oftenest little Granny walked alone, busy with her thoughts and plans—and glad of her little day of freedom from the day's petty round of home duties. Once in the heart of the mountains she wished for Kimi Ko—but hardly had the wish been formed when a bend in the road brought her to a little rest house, and the wish was forgotten. Reaching a village at sundown she stopped at a travellers' inn, and early next day plodded on again. (The story would be too long should I tell of all her adventures.) Be-

fore she reached Matsumura the road was thronged with people all going her way. The town was in holiday attire, the shops and gates gay with banners, flags and gay lanterns, the boys racing everywhere, beating the big drum of the shrine and singing, "Yasho, yasho, yashai. We'll go where you tell us to, Honourable Fox God. Yasho, yasho, yashai." It was festival day. Grandma Kuroda took this as a good omen. Soon she passed through the first red torii (gateway), then the second—and, just as the sun was setting this second day, she made her offering to the two white fox images in the little shrine on the hill. Though tired out with her tramp, she waited until all the other worshippers had gone, then sought a place to sleep within the shrine.

* * * * * *

It was many, many days before Grandma Kuroda remembered what happened next.

After many days of searching by her own village men, she was found wandering in the mountains chattering to herself and barking like a fox. If any one approached she fled, or barked, so they all knew she had been bewitched and they were afraid—but they got her home at last. The village priest was called. For quite a sum of money and many prayers at the temple he was sure the fox within her could be exorcised.

The silkworm season was over. The chill winds of autumn were blowing. The little children were often cold and hungry. Grandma's pil-

grimage had not brought prosperity. Nor had Tomi's daily prayers at the Buddhist temple restored Grandma's mind. Tomi was discouraged. She was losing faith in the power of the priest even as she had lost faith in the Fox God's power to bring good luck.

Granny had now been quietly sleeping a night and a day—a strange sleep. Tomi was more troubled than ever. She was even beginning to listen to a sinister thought which suggested that she had better cause them all to join her husband in the spirit land than to struggle on against such odds.

Just now she was sitting beside Granny on the floor, nursing Baby Boy, when suddenly Granny opened her eyes and smiled. "Well, Tomi," she said, "I've had such strange dreams! Listen—I dreamed I went to the Fox Shrine at Matsumura. The white fox images were beautiful. The maiden who guarded them was beautiful. She saw I was weary, she gave me tea and rice, then she spread me a comfort on the floor within the shrine. We talked pleasantly till midnight; then just as I crept under the comfort I had a sudden chill and trembled so I thought I must die. I looked up to ask her to help me when—oh, Tomi,"—in a whisper —"she had changed to a horrible demon ready to spring upon me. I screamed and ran away as fast as I could. Then when I was safe in the woods I laughed to think how an old woman like me outran her. Then I woke up. Queer dream, wasn't it?"

"Honourable mother," said Tomi, weeping for joy, "I'm so glad it was only a dream. I'm so glad you are awake."

"Yes," said Grandma Kuroda, "I had been thinking seriously of a pilgrimage to that very shrine, Tomi, but I won't make it now; the merciful Kwannon has shown me by this dream it would not be wise."

"Yes," said Tomi, "the honourable mother has been very ill—since the first mulberry leaves came out until now the seven grasses of autumn are withering. But Kwannon is kind and now you are well. We are all happy again."

Next day Tomi made a great thank offering at the Buddhist temple—though she pawned their last change of clothing to do it—and promising never to doubt again, sealed her promise by cutting off all her abundant black hair. This also she gave to the temple.

It was many, many months after this that Grandma Kuroda learned from the other old women of the village the manner of her return from her pilgrimage to the Fox Shrine. The only prosperity that came of it all was reaped in thank offerings by the priest of the Kwannon temple.

XIX

One Woman's Work

SHE is a Bible woman. When she was sixteen she heard a schoolmate singing Christian songs and wished to learn them. The schoolmate promptly invited her to Sunday-school. She went. Hesitating outside the door, because her schoolmate was absent that day, a Christian woman welcomed her so cordially she immediately felt at home.

She finished the common school, had six months in a sewing school, and a year in obstetrical nursing when she decided to become a Bible woman.

Her home was strict Buddhist, her father being a temple treasurer and her mother steeped in deepest Buddhist superstition. Like all the common people she knew nothing of its higher teachings. Naturally both parents bitterly opposed the daughter preparing for Christian work. Being the baby of the family it was expected she would be a bit willful. By adding to permissible Japanese willfulness an earnest Christian purpose, she won a consent equal to, "Well, if you are determined to do it, we'll put the best face on it we can." To-day they are proud of her.

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Three years ago she began her work in Osaka, her native city. She gathered the neighbourhood children in her home for a Sunday-school immediately after dinner. She taught a Sunday-school class in the church (nearly two miles away) Sunday mornings. At half-past three she taught a third class in the Kizukawa mission—as far west of her home as the church is east. Wednesdays she taught alone a village Sunday-school a mile south of the city. In between this teaching of little children—with whom she is very popular, and to whom she gives straight Bible teaching—were various adult meetings and classes in her care.

In the second year of her teaching she suffered a great mental shock and asked if she might be sent to work outside of this great city for a time. She was sent to the nearest outstation, where a little band of Christians met for worship in the pastor's house. Besides work here she taught Sunday-school in three near-by towns. This made long country walks necessary. It was just the change she needed for mind, heart and body.

These little Sunday-schools meet any week-day convenient for the one teacher—since distance and dearth of workers made simultaneous Sunday work impossible. The method is this. Some one in the town is found willing to rent a room for an afternoon a week. The children are called in off the street as they go home from school—for you must know all the public schools in Japan are in the care of the nation's Department of Education, which is

Fusa Iwama, "The Bible Woman"

hostile to Christianity, therefore no schoolhouse meetings as in the United States of America. The children sit close together, their feet doubled back under them in the purely Japanese way, on the soft matted floor. Hymns written on large sheets of paper make a "song roll" which is hung where all can see it. Beside it hangs a Sunday-school Lesson Picture Roll ("waste material" from America). Sometimes she has a paper blackboard. Such is her material equipment. So she begins her work, this one young Bible woman—her lonely work of winning a whole village to Christ through its children.

These children never heard a hymn before—nothing like it. As she sings it to them the first time many giggle. She explains the words to them—a lesson in itself. In her own inimitable way she wins them to an heroic endeavour to reproduce her musical sounds. Before that first meeting is over they are singing as if the salvation of the whole country depended on them. (Perhaps it does.)

Then comes the story about the picture. All children love stories. Japanese children are insatiable. They will sit in that doubled under, cramped position an hour, scarcely moving a muscle, scarcely winking an eye, listening to a good story teller. (The missionary finds it hard to sit that way five minutes.)

The Japanese children love their Sunday-school. After they have experienced one Christmas there

is no holiday in the whole calendar so dear to them.

As she has opportunity the Bible woman meets the mothers and sisters of the young children and teaches them also the New Way. In some places meetings for women follow the children's meetings.

If the pastors and missionary men have time, her work is supplemented by public evangelistic meetings. But often, for lack of men, these meetings are slow to follow.

During the third summer of this one Bible woman's experience the little group of Christians which was the centre of this group of towns—through sin—lost its pastor. As is usual in such cases the people—only a dozen of them—"took sides" and the preaching place had to be closed—temporarily. Not having a meeting place the innocent Sunday-school children were cheated out of their rights. (No one sins to himself alone.)

The Bible woman moved back to her father's house in the city. But every week she goes *alone* to her little group of Sunday-schools—and also teaches one of her former city classes. "Where was the missionary all this time?" It would take another paragraph to tell you—this is the story of the Bible woman. It so happened that this Bible woman was alone in her work from July to December. Workers are so scarce it couldn't be helped.

Christmas came. At the missionary's home the "Waste Material" basket was opened. This one

Bible woman must have material for nearly three hundred children *whose names she knows.* Here are beautiful scrap-books, pictures, post-cards, etc., from American Sunday-schools. How she gloats over them! (The missionary had kept them as a surprise.) *With her class books in hand* she selects prizes for attendance and memory work, prizes for attendance only and cards for the tiny ones. Two other workers and a kindergarten were supplied from this one basket as well as numerous gifts sent to isolated Christians and their children. Praise God for kind hearts in Christian lands. Praise Him for waiting hearts in heathen lands.

A missionary man was able to attend these out-station Christmases. He told the Christmas story. The missionary mother whose happy duty it was to have gone was too ill to leave her home. He returned to tell her his surprise in "One Woman's Work."

"We got to ——— town, hung up our decorations and those the children brought, had lunch and then the crowd came. Those children had a beautiful program of Bible recitations, Christian 'pieces,' short Christian essays with Christmas hymns in chorus and by classes. The children brought a special collection for the famine in North Japan. We were there two hours, then the children went home and *seven* women remained. We preached the Gospel to them. They are the Women's Bible Class. There were over sixty youngsters.

"The second town's Christmas was the same as this except that both men and women remained for the adults' gospel service. Town number three had seventy-five children who received gifts.

"'What shall we do with town number four?' asked the Bible woman. 'It was no fault of the children's their school was closed. Must they be cheated out of Chrismas also?'

"'Let's go home and consult "Waste Material" about it,' said the man. 'Can you find the children after all these months?' 'I *will* find the children,' she said. 'Where shall we meet?' 'If there is not a home in this town open to the children for Christmas we will rent a room in the hotel.' The missionary came home, the Bible woman went to town number four. She called at the homes of the former church members and told them 'Christmas would be there to-morrow.' But the hotel room had to be rented. Three young men offered to help and gave some money. The former Christians, except these three, were indifferent. The morning of December 27th the Sunday-school children were still in school (public school). The Bible woman had not seen them yet. She went to a few homes and said to the mothers, 'Christmas will be in the hotel from 6 P. M. Please tell the children to come early so we can get up a program.' When school was out at three o'clock forty children, *all* former pupils, were there ready and eager *to do their* part. A program was *made out and practiced.* The chil-

dren went home for supper. The missionary man had brought the 'Waste Material'—and after six o'clock the children had their Christmas—about sixty of them. (More than any Christmas in that town before.) Since Christmas that group of three young men has become a Bible class of seven which the missionary *man* teaches every Friday night. So is the church being built again.

"How *she* ever did it is beyond me," said the missionary man. "She is wonderful with the children. The order everywhere was perfect. She is in earnest. The children love her. Wonderful work—and besides all this 'country' work she drilled her class at the city mission!"—"I told you so," said the missionary woman.

Christmas is over—it is coming again.

The last of January the missionary woman was strong enough to go to one of the towns with this Bible woman. Children were at the railroad station waiting to welcome "Teacher." There were sixty-six that day. "A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

What is a Bible woman? This is the story of part of the work of one of them. There are less than a dozen such women in our Christian church in Japan.

It is to train women for service like this that scholarships are asked from American Christians. It is not that their parents cannot support them—it is because they are heathen and *will not.* It is be-

cause they are so enthralled by their old religions and superstitions they try in every way known to the devil to resist the Christ.

In twenty years of service in Japan I have worked intimately with ten such Bible women. All, except the three youngest ones, are married now. Two are ministers' wives. Only two came from Christian homes but several homes are now Christian. In every case they were to me precious younger sisters. They have taught me their language and customs, and the capabilities of the Japanese consecrated woman. Together we have translated English stories for Japanese children; together we have kept the Sunday-schools; together we have taught the young girls and their mothers the Christian way; together we have visited the sick and helped the poor; together we have prepared the dead for the coffin, and have transformed the plain pine box into the semblance of a Christian coffin; together we have planned, worked, prayed and wept; together we have made tiny kimonos for new-born babes; together we have sometimes played; together we have walked many miles, and weary, we have slept under the same covers, on the floor, and together have thanked God for each other.

The longer I live in this beautiful land and the more I know of this polite, perverse people, the greater is my love and the profounder my respect for its noblest character, the Christian Bible woman.

Often she is ill, often weary, often discouraged

over the hardness of her people against her religion —always she is hampered by lack of equipment and working funds. Yet always she is a woman of undaunted faith and prevailing prayer.

By her lonely work with the children she is undermining the vile customs, the selfish religions, and the materialistic ideals of her country. She is building in the coming generation of men and women Christlike hearts of flesh to replace the stony hearts of their fathers.

Pray for her. More than one of these women have said to me, "My true friends, my *real* sisters and brothers are the Christians only. My blood kinsfolk do not understand a Christian's heart at all. My *real* mother is my missionary school-teacher; my elder sister is the missionary with whom I work." This is Christ's kinship. "They that do the will of My Father in heaven"—they are the true kindred —sometimes the missionary finds it his only kindred also. What is all the glory of America compared to kinship such as this?

XX

A Modern Cornelius

FOR hundreds of years the men of the O'Uchi family had been knights, and teachers of literature and of military tactics to the Dä-te lords of Sendai. They knew not the value of money—it was a thing seldom mentioned in the pre-Meiji eras. They knew no way of earning it. They, also, had been guarded by faithful Samurai; the cheerful peasants had furnished them sufficient rice; they had lived in a palace near the castle in Sendai; their women had always been good and capable; they had never known hardship—indeed, they were prosperous, comfortable, useful, respected, content. Then came the great change of '68.

Many fine old gentlemen, worthy of all respect, were left to end their days in poverty. The house of O'Uchi, though impoverished, still had a bit of land in Nishikori village, some thirty miles from Sendai. The hero of this tale, Shogo O'Uchi, was about thirty-five years old at this time.

After things in the capital had somewhat settled down, officials were appointed for different districts, in different capacities, according to Western models. Shogo O'Uchi, having qualified to suc-

ceed his father under the old régime, was appointed chief of the educational forces in his native district.

While engaged in this work—of getting schools started under the new methods—he also made a special study of Chinese hieroglyphic writing, especially the writing of poems and proverbs, in which all Orientals so delight. He made for himself quite a local reputation as such a writer.

After many years of efficient, faithful service as District Superintendent of Education he was succeeded by a younger and more modern man. Then his Chinese writing alone stood between him and poverty. Sometimes he received a large order from a hotel for painted screens and scrolls—that meant plenty of rice. Other times weeks passed with no orders, then "the bottom almost dropped out of the rice bucket." So, struggling, old age kept relentlessly creeping on.

In his younger days as O'Uchi travelled here and there he heard something of Christianity—not much, but enough to convince him that it was the thing his country needed *most.* So in his own village, himself not yet a Christian, with his own meagre savings, he built a little house and dedicated it a "Christian Church." This was a remarkable thing in Japan! Our faithful evangelist, Kawamura, heard of it and walked twenty miles to visit and instruct, if necessary, such a zealous man, such a Cornelius! He thought him not quite ready for baptism, and left, promising to visit him as often

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as possible, and to instruct his little band of self-styled Christians.

In olden times to relieve the monotony of their endless feudal wars the lords practiced a stately form of tea ceremony. It was the custom of "gentlemen" to invite their friends to "Tea." To perform properly this Cha-no-yu requires about four hours (though I have seen modern schoolgirls "go through" it in twenty minutes) and O'Uchi was an expert in the proper performance of Cha-no-yu.

One time Kawamura, Dr. De Forest, and our missionary were his guests together; with tales of old times and Cha-no-yu were they entertained by O'Uchi. Kawamura's father was also a Dä-te retainer, and Dr. De Forest had come to Japan when the "Restoration" was in its infancy. Then O'Uchi began to show them his written scrolls, and asking each for his favourite Bible verse, painted quickly for each a scroll motto. This was the greatest compliment he could show them.

He was in dead earnest about his Christianity. And while writing these scrolls a sudden inspiration came to him. Laying down his brush, he looked at his three guests with a transfigured face. "I will make scrolls for the Christians to sell and help them build churches. I have no money to give, but I can do this." He began to work immediately, and soon a church struggling to get building funds received this word: "I have painted one hundred scrolls which you can sell to help build your church." Nearly all the Protestant church build-

Grace Madden and her little friend, Emi Sawaki

ings of Northern Japan have been more or less helped this way by Shogo O'Uchi in his old age. He was very happy in this labour of love. The churches receiving his gift usually made a financial acknowledgment of it, and so he kept the ball rolling. What a grand work it is, too. Long after this old Retainer has gone to be with his True Lord these Bible verses, hanging on the walls of churches, hotels and homes, will "preach the Word" for him.

But this is not the end of my story.

The Congregationalists had a small church in a town an afternoon's walk from Nishikori, and when they heard of O'Uchi and his earnest friends, made it one of their outstations, and sprinkled O'Uchi, his wife, and the others. His church was then listed as one of the Independent churches of Japan. The good old man didn't know Christ's family was divided into many parts—to its own shame—so Kawamura was as welcome a pastor to him as any one. As long as he lived, O'Uchi himself was the "priest" of his little flock.

Some years ago he became quite interested in Sawaki, then a student preacher of the Christian church in Sanuma, five miles from Nishikori. A deep friendship resulted. They became as father and son. When Sawaki returned to Tokyo to finish his college course his place was filled by one of our men just graduated from Drake Bible College. O'Uchi loved this man also. From these three, Kawamura, Sawaki and Mitsui, whom he especially

loved, he "learned the way of the Lord more perfectly" and by the latter was immersed in the Sanuma River in August, 1907. Previous to this, however, the Congregationalists had withdrawn their regular workers from all that country. With O'Uchi several others were baptized, and now the place became one of our outstations—as it is to this day. Though O'Uchi has been "resting from his earth labours" these five years, so well were the foundations laid that the Christians of the village have the land all ready for a new and adequate church building—but as yet have not funds enough with which to build. With enthusiasm they keep up the Sunday-school and their regular meetings. One of their young men is now preaching the Gospel in one of our city churches.

Beyond the beautiful range of mountains west of Sendai is a large silk-weaving and fruit-growing district. The people here are "well to do." Someway, Yonezawa (Rice-swamp), the metropolis of this district, had been a Macedonian call to O'Uchi for many years. He longed with a great desire for us to open a work there. Finally, after Sawaki graduated, it was decided that he could go with O'Uchi and see if a church could be planted in that beautiful, thriving, materialistic Samurai city. They went in October. Through O'Uchi's influence a fine, big house was rented and fitted up as a mission preaching place. Hand-bills were printed announcing a Christian meeting. These O'Uchi himself mostly distributed, leaving a *personal ap-*

peal with each. When all was ready Mitsui also came and spent three nights with them, preaching and doing personal work.

The immediate results of the meeting are a large Sunday-school, a Young Men's Bible Class, and nine baptisms in less than six weeks with the prospect of more in a short time. No other work in the north has had so splendid a beginning.

O'Uchi was very frugal, scarcely eating sufficient rice for fear he would not have something to give the Lord. He still wrote scrolls and sold them to pay his own expenses, though he was over seventy-six years old. Sawaki, the young pastor, begged us to furnish O'Uchi's rice so that all his time could be given to evangelistic work. He said, " O'Uchi is like a father to me. He is the real founder of the Yonezawa church. He is working splendidly. His last years are full of God's glory."

There is not much demand for scrolls now—it is too soon after the great famine, so the bottom of the rice bucket is often visible, and besides, the old man much prefers going from house to house with the precious gospel invitation.

But think, you Americans—in a land from which Romance long since departed—what changes this life has seen! In youth rich, honoured, pagan;—in age poor, humble, Christian. In youth the proud knight of the Lord of Sendai, the King of Oshu—in age the happier Retainer of the Lord of Heaven and Earth—the King of Kings!

An appeal was made for some one to supply

O'Uchi's rice, and the Christian Endeavour Society at Lynnville, Illinois, took him as a living link, while the society at Bellaire, Ohio, made one contribution. This help was not long needed, for "God's good old man" went away in August, 1909, at the age of seventy-nine. As late as 1913 I heard his aged wife and their one daughter were still actively working in the Nishikori Sunday-school, begun by O'Uchi so long ago.

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